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Thames Head.

Legends, Tales, and Songs,

IN THE

DIALECT OF THE PEASANTRY

OF

GLOUCESTERSHIRE,

With several Ballads, and a Glossary of Words in General use.

Illustrated.

LONDON: KENT & CO., 23, PATERNOSTER ROW.
CIRENCESTER: C. H. SAVORY, ST. JOHN STREET.
GLOUCESTER: DAVIES & SON.

Price One Shilling.

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This work will be sent Post Free, on receipt of 13 *Stamps, to any country place in the County, on application to C. H. SAVORY, Steam Press, Cirencester.*

Preface.

It is customary for Authors and Editors to address their readers before introducing them to the work they are asked to peruse. The Editor of this little book will conform to the custom, and introduce his work most respectfully to his readers.

In submitting the little volume for perusal it is believed that no other work containing examples of the dialect of the peasantry of the county can be obtained, and many of the pieces are difficult to procure, while much of the matter is original.

The Editor would also mention the fact that the Government schoolmaster is abroad, and that it is likely the broad Saxon dialect now in use in the rural districts of the county will gradually give way to School Board

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training, and the objection of the ploughman who refused to send his son to the village school because he was taught to spell "taturs" with a "p," will be over-ruled.

In the various examples throughout the work, not only the dialect, but the character of the peasantry will be seen in various phases.

The Editor was amused at the conversation of a country boy with his son, on trying their skill at jumping, when the country athlete proclaimed himself superior in the following words:—"Thee hast bin to thuck thur school and lurn'd aal thick thur jomettry and cassn't jump thuck thur box." *He gloried in his ability to out-do one whom he thought was more learned than himself.*

In conclusion, the work has been a labour of love, and if the readers of the following pages experience the same amount of pleasure he has felt in research, his labour will not have been lost.

To several gentlemen and clergymen of the county the best thanks of the Editor is tendered for contributions original and select.

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Introduction.

THE dialect as spoken by the peasantry of Gloucestershire is not, as many suppose, mere vulgarisms. The tillers of the land many centuries ago, on the Cotteswold hills, spoke with the same impressiveness, power, and pathos as may still be heard in the retired rural districts of the county.

In the old words still in use, roots are discoverable from the Dutch, Saxon, Scandinavian, and Gaelic; but the great majority are Saxon.

As long ago as 1265 a work was written by Robert of Gloucester, in prose and verse, entitled "Chronicles of Robert of Gloucester," in the language still in use by the ploughboys of sequestered districts of the Cotteswolds.

This dialect is not peculiar to the county of Gloucester, but it is spoken in Wilts, Dorset, and parts of Somerset and Hants.

This may be accounted for by the well-known fact that in 495 a third settlement of the Saxons took place under Cerdic, who founded the kingdom of Wessex, and the Saxon dialect was planted in the counties before named.

As century after century succeeded each other there were changes in the language of the Saxon inhabitants of the island, and Cambden gives an interesting illustration in his "Remaines concerning Britaine" of the Lord's Prayer as read during several centuries. In A.D. 700 it commences thus—

"Vren Fader thic in heofnas."

Two centuries later thus:—

"Thu vre Fader the eart on heofenum."

More than one hundred and fifty years later, in the time of King Henry the Second, he finds "this rime sent from Rome by Pope Adrian, an Englishman, to bee taught to the people"—

"Vre Fadyr in heauen rich,
Thy name be halyedeuer lich."

The form in the reign of Henry the Third was:—

"Fader that art in heauin blisse,
Thin helge name it wurth the blisse."

Considerable advancement was made, and in the reign of Richard II. it was written as follows:—

Our Fadyr that art in Heaven, halloed be Thy name. Thy kingdom comto, be Thy will done, so in heaven and in erth. Gif to vs this day our bread, ower other substance, and forgif to vs our dettis as we forgeven our detters, and leed vs not into temptation, but deliuer vs fro euill. Amen.

In Gloucestershire at the present day the dialect varies in pronunciation. On the Cotteswolds they speak strong broad Saxon as their vernacular; while the inhabitants of the vale on the East side of the Severn differ in their pronunciation, and on the opposite side

of the river they use the objective pronoun freely, as "Him's a good un." Near Dursley and Cam there will be found a mixture of the Fleming, and w is substituted for r. In the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury the pronunciation is influenced by the Midland Counties, while the Forest of Dean is peculiar to itself. Throughout the county of Gloucester persons are found who constantly pronounce a as e, and think they are giving a correct pronunciation in saying—"Put the beecon on the pleet on the teeble, near the teeturs."

With the few foregoing remarks by way of introduction, we will now give an account of the old song, from one of the annual reports of the Gloucestershire Society, given in the commencement of this little volume :—

GEORGE RIDLER'S OVEN.

The old song thus entitled was at one time very popular in this county. Of George Ridler himself we know very little, but we gather something of his habits and appearance from the report of the Gloucestershire Society in London, in 1803, when a model of this worthy was sent round the table "to avoid trouble to the stewards in collecting donations." This model was a curiosity in its way :—the upper part contained "a statute of the celebrated old George Ridler, reclining upon a barrel with pipe and jug, emblematical of his conviviality. From these his attention has been drawn by the entrance of his dog bringing a fowl. George, caressing him with a countenance expressive of his attachment to that faithful animal, seems to exclaim, in the words of the ancient ballad,

> "*This dog is good to catch a hen,*
> *A duck or goose is vood vor men.*"

Upon the plinth on the right hand of the figure is represented in bass-relief George Ridler's Oven, upon which is traced his name, supposed to be done by himself; the date is nearly obliterated. On the front, in bass-relief,

two boys exhibiting an indenture, alluding to the purpose of the Gloucestershire Society, and on which is expressed the number of boys that have been apprenticed by it. On the left hand of the figure is the following motto :—

It droppeth like the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Behind is introduced the pelican—an emblem of benevolence—surrounded with rays of glory, denoting the Divine blessing accompanying so laudable an institution. The model was fixed on a frame with castors ; it ran easily and merrily round the table, and was very successful in its tour. The old song of George Ridler was sung by three voices with great effect. Many other songs were given in the course of the evening, and the company seems to have been a very jolly one. The following version of the song, with elucidatory notes, is from one of the annual reports of the Gloucestershire Society :—

It is now generally understood that the words of this song have a hidden meaning, which was only known to the members of the Gloucestershire Society, whose foundation dates from the year 1657. This was three years before the restoration of Charles II., and when the people were growing weary of the rule of Oliver Cromwell. The Society consisted of Loyalists, whose object in combining was to be prepared to aid in the restoration of the ancient constitution of the kingdom whenever a favourable opportunity should present itself. The Cavalier or Royalist party were supported by the Roman Catholics of the old and influential families of the kingdom ; and some of the Dissenters, who were disgusted with the treatment they received from Cromwell, occasionally lent them a kind of passive aid. Taking these considerations as the key note to the song, attempts have been made to discover the meaning which was originally attached to its leading words. It is difficult at the present time to give a clear explanation of all its points ; the following, however, is consistent throughout, and is, we believe, correct :—

The Stwones that built George Ridler's Oven,
And thauy keum from the Bleakeney's Quar;
And George he wur a Jolly old Mon,
And his Yead it graw'd above his Yare.

By "George Ridler" was meant King Charles I. The "Oven" was the Cavalier party. The "Stwones" which built the Oven, and which "came out of the Blakeney Quar," were the immediate followers of the Marquis of Worcester, who held out to the last stedfastly for the Royal cause at Raglan Castle, which was not surrendered till 1646, and was, in fact, the last stronghold retained for the King. "His head did grow above his hair" was an allusion to the Crown, the head of the State, and which the King wore "above his hair."

One thing of George Ridler I must commend,
And that wur vor a notable Theng;
He meud his Braags avore he died
Wi' any dree Brothers his Zons zhow'd zeng.

This meant that the King, "before he died," boasted that, notwithstanding his present adversity, the ancient Constitution of the kingdom was so good, and its vitality so great that it would surpass and outlive any other form of government, whether Republican, Despotic, or Protective.

There's Dick the Treble and John the Mean
(Let every Mon zing in his auwn Pleace),
And George he wur the elder brother,
And therefore he would sing the Beass.

Dick the treble, Jack the mean, and George the bass, meant the three parts of the British Constitution—King, Lords, and Commons. The injunction to "let every man sing in his own place" was intended as a warning to each of the three estates of the realm to preserve its proper position, and not to attempt to encroach on each other's prerogative.

Mine Hostess's Moid (and her Neaum t'wur Nell),
A pretty Wench, and I lov'd her well;
I lov'd her well, good Reauzon why,
Becase she lov'd my Dog and I.

"My Hostess's Moid" was an allusion to the Queen, who was a Roman Catholic, and her Maid the church. The singer we must suppose was one of the leaders of the party, and his "Dog" a companion or faithful official of the Society, and the song was sung on occasions when the members met together socially: and thus, as the Roman Catholics were Royalists, the allusion to the mutual attachment between the "Maid" and "My Dog and I" is plain and consistent.

My Dog has gotten zitch a trick
To visit Moids when thauy be zick;
When thauy be zick and like to die,
O thether gwoes my Dog and I.

The "Dog," that is the official or devoted member of the Society, had "a trick of visiting maids when they were sick." The meaning here was that when any of the members were in distress, or desponding, or likely to give up the Royal cause in despair, the officials or active members visited, consoled, and assisted them:—

When they be sick and like to die,
O thither go my dog and I.

My Dog is good to catch a hen,
A Duck and Goose is vood vor Men;
And where good company I spy,
O thether gwoes my Dog and I.

The "Dog," the official or agent of the Society, was "good to catch a hen," a "duck," or a "goose," that is any who were well affected to the Royal cause, of whatever party; wherever "good company I spy, O thither go my Dog and I"—to enlist members into the Society.

My Mwother told I when I wur young,
If I did vollow the Strong Beer Pwoot,
That Drenk would pruv my auverdrow,
And meauk me wear a thzread-bare Cwoat.

"The good ale-tap" was an allusion, under cover of a similarity in the sound of the words "ale" and "aisle," to

the Church, of which it was dangerous at that time to be an avowed follower, and so the members were cautioned that indiscretion would lead to their discovery and "overthrow."

When I have dree zixpences under my Thumb,
O then I be welcome wherever I come;
But when I have none, O then I pass by,
'Tis Poverty pearts good Company.

The allusion here is to those unfaithful supporters of the Royal cause who "welcomed" the members of the Society when it appeared to be prospering, but "parted" from them in adversity, probably referring ironically to those lukewarm and changeable Dissenters who veered about, for and against, as Cromwell favoured or contemned them. Such could always be had wherever there were "three sixpences under the thumb," but "poverty" easily parted such "good company."

If I should die, as it may hap,
My Greauve shall be under the good Yeal Tap;
In voulded Earmes there wool us lie,
Cheek by Jowl my Dog and I.

"If I should die," &c. An expression of the singer's wish that if he should die he may be buried with his faithful companion, as representing the principles of the society, under the good aisles of the Church, thus evincing his loyalty and attachment to the good old Constitution and to Church and King, even in death—

With folded arms there let me lie,
Cheek by jowl my dog and I.

The song was always sung by the Harmonic Society of Cirencester, when there used to be musical performances at the Woodhouse.

While upon the subject of "George Ridler's Oven" we must not omit to state that quite recently a theory has been broached by a member of the Cotteswold Naturalists' Society that the song had nothing to do with the Forest of Dean, nor with a "Quar" at Blakeney, but had its origin

at Bussage, near Brimscombe. Quoting from a report which appeared in the *Wilts and Gloucestershire Standard* on the 28th September, 1867, we may say that the claim rests upon these facts :—

1. In passing from Quarhouse to Bussage the road leads through a small hamlet, or rather a few houses, called "Black Nest."

2. On the hill overlooking Black Nest the ground has been quarried for centuries, and one of the beds of great oolite found in these quarries is called by the quarrymen "Oven Stone."

3. "Ridler" is the surname of a family of yeomen who are known to have resided in the immediate neighbourhood of Black Nest for three centuries, and "George" has always been one of the family christian names.

4. The song is, and always was, popular in the neighbourhood, and the vernacular in which the words are pronounced exactly resembles that of the locality in question.

Substitute "Blacknest" for "Blakeney's"—and in singing the words they almost invariably sound like "Blakeney's"—and nothing more is required to fix the locality with reasonable certainty. Indeed, many of the working men who are acquainted with the song use the word "Blacknest," and not "Blakeney's."

Legends, Tales, and Songs,

IN THE

Dialect of the Peasantry

OF

Gloucestershire.

—o—

George Ridler's Oven.

I.

THE Stwons that built George Ridler's Oven,
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II.

One thing of George Ridler I must commend,
And that wur vor a notable Theng:
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Wi' any dree Brothers his Zons zhou'd zeng.

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Thers's Dick the Treble and John the Mean
(Let every Mon zing in his auwn Pleace),
And George he wur the elder brother,
And therevore he would zing the Beass.

IV.

Mine Hostess's Moid (and her Neaum t'wur Nell),
A pretty Wench, and I lov'd her well;
I lov'd her well, good Reauzon why,
Becase zshe lov'd my Dog and I.

V.

My Dog has gotten zitch a Trick,
To visit Moids when thauy be zick;
When thauy be zick and like to die,
O thether gwoes my Dog and I.

VI.

My Dog is good to catch a hen,
A Duck and Goose is vood vor men;
And where good Company I spy
O thether gwoes my Dog and I.

VII.

My Mwother told I when I wur young,
If I did vollow the Strong Beer Pwoot,
That Drenk would pruv my auverdrow,
And meauk me wear a thzread-bare Cwoat.

VIII.

When I have dree zixpences under my Thumb,
O then I be welcome wherever I come;
But when I have none, O then I pass by,
'Tis Poverty pearts good Company.

IX.

If I should die, as it may hap,
My Greauve shall be under the good Yeal Tap;
In voulded Earmes there wool us lie,
Cheek by Jowl my Dog and I.

—o—

The Witch of Berkeley.

ABOUT that time a certaine woman in Berkeley accustomed to evil arts, when as upon a certaine day shee kept a feast, a Chough which shee used delicately to feede cackled more loud and distinctly than shee was wont to doe, which when shee heard, the knife fell out of her hand, her countenance waxed pale, and havinge fetched a deepe groane, with a sigh said, 'nowe this day is the plowe come to my last furrowe;' which beinge said, a messenger cominge in, declared to her the death of her Sonne, and of all her Family exposed to present ruine; The woman presently laye downe and called to her such of her other children as were Monkes and a Nunne, who cominge shee thus spake unto them; 'I a wicked follower of an evil art and worse life vainely thought to have been defended by your praiers, nowe I desire to be eased by you of my torments, because judgement is given against my soul, but peradventure you may keepe my body if it bee fast sewed in a stag's skin; make yee for mee a chest of stone, fast bound and cemented with iron and lead, settinge the same upright, and also bound about with three iron chaines; use singers of Psalmes for forty nights, and pay for soe many Masses by daies; and if I shall soe lie for

three nights, on the fourth day bury my body in the ground;' But all was in vaine, for in the two first nights which the psalmes were in soundinge, the Divells havinge easily broken the doores, as lightly brake the two utmost iron chaines; and on the third night about cock-crowinge, the place shakinge, one with a terrible countenance and of a mighty tall stature, havinge broken open the cover of the chest commanded the dead body to arise, who answeringe that shee could not by reason of the bonds; bee thou loosed quoth hee, but to thy woe; and presently all the barres being broken, hee draweth her out of the Church, and setteth her upon a blacke horse, neighinge before the doore, and soe went away with loud sounding cries, heard four miles of.—*Polichronicon of Reinulph of Chester.*

The Harnet and the Bittle.

A HARNET zet in a hollur tree,
A proper spiteful twoad was he;
And a merrily zung while he did zet
His stinge as shearp as a bagganet,
"Oh, who so vine and bowld as I,
I vears not bee, nor waspe, nor vly!"

A bittle up thuck tree did clim,
And skornfully did look at him;
Zays he, "Zur harnet, who giv thee
A right to zet in thuck there tree?
Vor ael you zengs zo nation vine,
I tell 'e 'tis a house o' mine."

The harnet's conscience velt a twinge,
But grawin' bowld wi' his long stinge,
Zays he, "Possession's the best laaw;
Zo here th' sha'snt put a claaw!
Be off, and leave the tree to me,
The mixen's good enough for thee!"

Just then a yuckle passin' by
Was axed by them the cause to try:
"Ha! ha! I zee how 'tis!" zays he,
"They'll make a vamous munch vor me!"
His bill was shearp, his stomach lear,
Zo up a snapped the caddlin pair!

MORAL—

All you as be to laaw inclined
This leetle stowry bear in mind;
Vor if to laaw you aims to gwo,
You'll vind thy'll allus zar'e zo;
You'll meet the vate o' these here two,
They'll take your cwoat and carcass too!

—o—

GWAIN TO CIZZETER MOP.

WE aal be gwain to Cizzeter Mop
On Munday marn zo jolly,
Along wi' Bill an' Carter Jo
An' Lizer Jane and Molly.

We aal turn'd out in clane white smocks
An' billycocks so grand,
An' Joe he twisted whip cord
Aal roun' him vor a band.

Twur girt big blue and yeller vlowers
Was in our Lizer's hat;
Bill show'd out in his karderoys,
Rid hankicher an that.

The voks did stir as we wur gwain,
An' meny hollered out—
"Go and get hir'd at Cizzeter,
Ya lumbrin country lout."

We walk'd aal droo the naisy mop
Along wi' Bill and Moll,
An' seed the wenches stan' for hire
In aal thur fol-de-roll.*

And thur wur Sarny men an' bwoys,
Wi' gurls from Ashun Kayns;
An' Barnsla voks cum ridin' in
A wagin weout rains.

Chup Jack he wur a sellin' nives,
And wink'd his eye at I;
He draad the nife rite up an' down
And ast who wants to die?

Uh sed the nife ud cut it fat
An purpose made for I:
A country bumpkin, Chawbacon,
The bwoys they all did cry.

* The country girls waiting to be hired as servants, formerly stood on the edge of the pavement, in a row. The Corn Hall is now used for the purpose.

Ee bout a nife and wagin whip,
Jack caald I sich a bloke :
The nife he soon wur doubled up
An' whip, be gum, he broke.

The painted hosses twirlin' roun'
Clase by the irun pump,
Was rode by Joe an, Lizer Ann—
They fell off sich a vlump.

The swingin' bwots was allus vull
Wi' country gurls an' bwoys ;
Tha screecht and hollerd nashun loud
An' kikt up sich a naize.

A sojer with his bagginit
An' ribbuns aal zo vine,
Clapt I upon the back, and zed,
"Bee George, an' thee must jine."

"I beant agwain to list," zays I,
"For Queen nor King to-da ;
I'z gwain whom wi' varmer Turk
Ta drive his tame vor pay."

While zargint was a taakin loud
Bout regiment an' th' penshun,
Punch an' Judy tha marcht by
An' tracted all th' tenshun.

Twur vun to zee the merry pranks
That Punch an' Judy shew'd ;
Ee was a grinnin' aal the time,
An' all the volk laft loud.

Twur nation vine when Meyster Punch
Drow'd out the blessed babby ;
An' Missus Punch at once faut up
The pleeceman caald a bobby.

An' when Jack Ketch brings up the gallows
Ta hang the rascal Punch,
Punch pulls the string an' ketches him
An makes un veel zo dunch.

Wen Punch and Judy shet up shop
We went down to the zhows ;
An' wi' the naisy drums an horns
Tha kikt up nashun rows.

The picturs aal hung out in vront,
An' beasts did roor zo loud ;
Lor, wat a janglin zound thur wur,
An' wat a mortal kroud.

The man up top he hollur'd out
" Ye need not veel alarm ;
Coom zee the roorin' lions jump
Droo hoops an' then perfurm."

The peep-zhows and the waxen dolls,
The vat bwoy and the peg ;
We aal went in, a penny each,
The vat bwoy show'd his leg.

Tha aal zung out " Wak up, wak up,"
Wen voks were kummin out ;
An' at the sparrin' tent, " Cum in
An' hev a fitin bout."

An' furder doun twur zinging zongs
'Bout wiskee, gin, an' rum ;
Tha wanted I to buy a ditty
About the "Harvest Whom."

We went into the "Dree Kauks Inn"
An' hed a pint of yale,
An' call'd to zee the old "Blak Hoss,"
The "King's Arms" an' the "Bell."

Twur late wen we got on the rood
Wi' Lizer, Jane, an' Jo,
An' vound our wa' to village whom,
Vrom Cizzeter Mop to gwoa.

ZONG OF ZAINT ZWITHUN'S DAY.

(BY A SHIP OF HIS VLOCK.)

Air—"Young Thomas."

DRAA us up a drap more liquor,
'Tis the vifteenth of July ;
Blow your clouds, mates, all the thicker
If thurs nun athirt the sky.
'Tis a zaint's da—doan't vorget un
Whiles you zets an zoakes your clay ;
'Cause as how a wus a wet un—
This is now Zaint Zwithun' da.

CHORUS—Rural, tooral, ooral, lural,
Tooral, ooral, rural lay.

Old Zaint Zwithun was a Bishop
When the Vriers fust arose,
Where Bob Moody once hucked fish up
And the River Itchen vlows.
Winchester was that 'are city
Where Zaint Zwithun used to bide;
Thur a lived and—moor's the pity—
Thur at last Zaint Zwithun died.

CHORUS—Rural, &c.

Many a sign and many a wonder
In his lifetime he'd a done;
But when he the ground was under
He outbeat 'em every one.
Like malt liquor in a cellar,
Zaints is for to be bung'd down;
Then in time when they gets meller
They works marvels an' renown.

CHORUS—Rural, &c.

When Zaint Zwithun his confession
An' last dyun speech did make:
"Do my will, without transgression,"
Zays the Zaint, "an no mistake.
Not in the cathaydral berried
'Tis my wish that I should be;
Out o' doors I'll be interred,
In the churchyard bury me."

CHORUS—Rural, &c.

"'Tis my order and injunction,
Take care you my word obeys;
Doan't give way to no compunction
'Bout performun wat I zays.
Doan't you thenk as I was jokun;
Do the theng which I require,
Nor my sperrit goo provokun
By neglectun my desire."

CHORUS—Rural, &c.

When Zaint Zwithun thus hed spoken
He gied up the ghost straightway;
But his strict commands was broken
Arter life hed left his clay.
Him they unbelievun vriers
Under the cathaydral laid,
Long wi' all the lords and squires,
Not regardun what a zaid.

CHORUS—Rural, &c.

Thur his imidge, wi' a spannel
At the veet, wus carved in stwon,
On his tomb the Proffut Dannel,
In the paainted windur shone.
This way thenkin vor to doo un
Proper honour and respect,
They instead of hearknun to un
Chose his biddun to neglect.

CHORUS—Rural, &c.

Whereupon the raain descended
Varty days an' varty nights,
'Cause Zaint Zwithun was offended,
An' when zaints be zo they zmites.
Why it rained zo out of sayzon,
Never seemun like to hold ;
By an' by they guessed the razon—
Hadn't done as they was told.

CHORUS—Rural, &c.

Zo in conscience zorely wounded
Up again the zaint they dug ;
And vor vear of being drownded
In the churchyard laid un snug.
Then the sky, till then a pourun,
Sased vrom rainun cats and dogs,
When the zaint slept without snorun
Wi' the humble Hampshire hogs.

CHORUS—Rural, &c.

On Zaint Zwithin's Day each scollard
Knows that eversince, always,
When thurs raain by raain 'tis voller'd,
Moor or less, for vorty days.
Here's the memory of Zaint Zwithin,
In our churchyard where 'a lies ;
What I zays is, " Pace be with un,
An' along o' we likewise.

CHORUS—Rural, &c.

Punch.

Fairford Church Windows.

The Old Clerk's Description.

I read three or four weeks ago that a certain party of archæologists who visited Fairford Church were mightily entertained with an original description of the famous windows there, given by the parish clerk, and delivered, as it was stated, in a sustained monotone throughout.

I am an individual cherishing a great love and respect for relics and reminiscences of the olden times, but having, understand, little or no sympathy with the views of the professional antiquary, whose mind is encrusted with dust and formality. My chief delight is in originality—that rare quality to find in these days when ingenuity seems to have been exhausted in developing and maturing every thing and every topic under the sun.

I would walk any distance, within reason, in order to converse with a man linking in speech and idea the past with the present. And so it fell out that happening one day lately to be in Fairford, and having offered me, during the hour I had to spare, the choice of seeing the park and the deer and the artificially-widened river, with its cray-fish and picturesque adjuncts, or listening to the old clerk's description of the windows, I readily chose the latter alternative.

I should say, perhaps, that my curiosity had been greatly stimulated by the very capital mimicry of the clerk's tone and style given me by a friend who had been born and bred in Fairford, and had often heard what I was going to hear.

I found my guide-to-be seated on his board busily plying his needle and thread. He was most willing to accompany me, and we entered the church. I told him that I should want to recollect all I could, and that I should probably take a few notes. He offered no objection, seeming, in fact, rather pleased.

Now, I had, in former time, taken some interest in learning the use and advantage of the mysterious hooks and crooks of shorthand. So, with the aid of book and pencil, I succeeded in getting down the old man's description much as he gave it; and I here transcribe what I heard, as, I hope, to the entertainment of my readers. Yet I pray, whoever reads this, not thereby to be content and refrain from visiting the church; for I certainly am inclined to think that the tone—the chant, in short—of the old man's voice, is far more amusing than the description.

I must confess that all I know of the windows I *heard*, for I only looked up from my notes at intervals frequent enough to satisfy my expositor that I was attending I had intended to see the chief window, though it will be seen hereafter that I changed my mind. We therefore began with the great

West Window.

"The upper part o' that winda, you zee," he said, "is a representation of the daay o' judgment. In the centre is Christ. He's a sittin' on the raynbow. Ther's th' earth for 'is footstool. He's surrounded, you zee, by cherabins and zeraphins all a zittin' round the blue circle lookin' up to 'im, and it is zupposed that the zword on 'is right and the lily on 'is left are

intended to represent th' hattrihutes of Justice and Mercy.

Now at the very bottom ther' that's wer ther 'a rizin from ther' graves to go to judgment with ther' graveclothes on, jest a comin' up. Farther on, you zee, is a large figur' ther' most of it yalla. That's St. Michul, and ther's the beam goes across 'is thighs. He's a waighin' a good person in one scale against a bad un in another. Wer the good un ought to ha' bin ther's a bit o' common glass. In that yalla scale close at 'is right 'and ther's a little red devul sittin' ther' with yalla hyes a hendeavouring to turn the scale, but the good outwaighs the bad. In the next cumpartment is a hangel ther' with yalla air—that's a hangel receivin' the saint into 'eaven. Ther's the 'and of th' hangel a comin' down and eere's the saint a gwain up. In that next is a large figure meant for St. Peter; he's got a owld-fashin key in his 'and, a yalla key—ther's even the wards of the key farmed—he's a lettin the blessed spirits in, and thay'r every one afore'n. And after ther past in in the last cumpartment ther clothed in wite with crowns on ther 'eads.

These three next cumpartments eere you zee is the representation of 'ell. In the corner there is owld Belzebub with red an' wite tith—a pretty good zet on em e's got ther—farmed o' ther skulls like a spear. He's got a scaly face and a big fish's mouth. And jest above 'is 'ed to the right ther's small figurs a sprawlin' their arms out like children, as it wer—that's wer ther put in tarment—and up t'ards the top part in the same cumpartment ther's a wite circul goes on round like the velly of a weel, and jest at the bottom o' that wite circul ther's a small red figur a

owldin' is right arm up ther—that's wer ther rackin and grindin on em; and you look how thay puts 'em across one auother—ther's the red weels most one in another. And close against the wheel ther's a little red devul with a crown on 'is 'ed and yallow hyes to turn the andle for'n. This heere is a curious hidea—but it's accardin to owld 'istory—this is warnin to all females—that's a devul a weelin a ooman to 'ell in a weelbarra for scowldin er usband. She looks to be a scowld, sir, a gwain off back-'ards sir. Ther's the wheel of the barra painted yalla, and ther's the andle and the blue devuls delighted anough a bowlin of her off ther. And now just above is a white figur sittin ther in a red cart a gwain off with er ands tied. The cart's red and goes off awaay by er body ther, and ther's the weel of the cart goes down the devul's body ther. Ther's the red shaft goes along—the blue devuls sittin in a drawin of her along, and he's got a pair of wite stockins on ther—e's turnin round lookin back to see as he got her all zafe in the place ther. I had a party o' gen'lemen and ladies ere the other week, ther was a owld gent who didn't agree with it at all—he said he felt for shé altogether as was gwain in the cart, she looked so good-tempered; but as for th' hother, he adn't no pity for her. 'E zet the ladies a laffin eere, and thay didn't stop durin the time thay was in the church.

Now farther off ther's a wite figur a zittin upon a terrable devul's showlders ther—the devul's carryin of er off—wether it's a female or not I can't say—and ther's er ands and er feet tied across on er breast under is chin. And above that's a wite figur pitchin eadmost down a red devul's

back, and e's got is red arms round the legs, and ther's is wite mouth and hyes and all the rest of is body's red—and ther's a himp a drawin up be'ind, you zee zir. Eere's a devul zir—he's scaled like a fish in the next cumpartment all over ; is air's yalla ther, and e's got a wite figure across e's showlder a carryin off—ther's one arm a sprawlin one over th' hother, ther sir ; and e's got a red fark to walk with as a walkin stick to elp'n along,—'pears by the swet at the point of is nose e's got some trouble to get along sir. And jest be'ind im is a wite figur sat ther owldin is right arm up—that's Divus in tarments owldin is 'and up to Lazrus for a drop o' water to cool is tongue. And jest above im ther's a little red devul sittin ther with yalla hyes a scorchin im with that prickly thing like a piece o' 'ood ; ther's a place above full o' prickles, with the club stick in is devul's 'and, e's a feedin Lazrus ther—— jest above that 'ood is the tail of a devul ther twistin like a zerpunt all vull o' prickles ther ; an e's got a red 'ead you see an a green body an a long tayl twistin.

And now you come to Divus a beseechin for mercy to Lazrus in Abrum's bussum—a small ead wite like a child ther. And then if you notices Abrum's bussum e's bringin a yalla speerd down across that light coloured glass into a devul's mouth—the devul a got is mouth a yawnin and Abrum got the yalla speerd into 't ; and if you notices Abrum's left arm e's got wrapped round Lazrus in is bussum ther—got Lazrus in his bussum and is left arm wrapped round im, and puttin the speerd into the devul's mouth. That's the whole of that winda.

Now a gen'leman was eere th' other week as said a body

might look at it zeven yeers and never make it out till twas explained—it wants practice you zee, that's wat it wants. I was put to explayn this church wen I was ten or twelve years of age." The old man took me to another window, which in the description he has published, and sells in a sixpenny book, he calls

Window vbi.

He told me that the window was once damaged in a hailstorm, and this led to Lady Farmer providing lattices for all the windows.

"Now in that round piece of glass ther," he began, "that's wer Zamsun's slayin a Philistin with the jawbone of an ass—e's got im on is back ther, and ther's the jawbone with the tith in im. And that's Delilah that bereft im of is great strength by cutting off his air. And that's King Zolomun determinin a wich of the two arlots the live child belonged to; and ther's the arlots and ther's the two Jewish doctors disputin points of the law, ther's the 'ands farmed with the fingers thur, and that's the bit of glass as is considered of zo great value—zupposed to represent rubies and diaments; it's said yeers ago as people gave £500 for that bit o' glass. Now a gen'lemun got it and felt it and looked at it eere not long ago and 'e said 'e never zeed such a representation of a ruby in all is life afore—it's rough o' both zides like as tho' it was cut out and let in, and when the sun shun at this time of the daay, providin the sun did shine, 'twould glitter all the waay down the church. You zee 'twould be no use, or else 'twould a bin gone yeers ago some o' this glass—but

you zee if 'twas to be any on it sowld and offered for zale 'twouldn't be nothing to do but advertise in the papers and sure to get zent on it—couldn't sell it; and it was put under ground for a underd yeers in Oliver Crumwull's time.

North Side.

Now these are the four evangelists writin ther gospel with ther books and pens, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. These next three windas eere," he said, passing on, "are prophits—that's Osea, Amos, Maleki and Jole. Zee the nots wer ther tyin the girdle you zee, the nots farmed as nearly as can be ther and the clasp anging ther jest the same as is now-a-daays. Ther again, if you notices you'll zee 'twas jest the same as the present daay, as I ad a genlemun eere not long back and e said 'twas jest the same, and the smokin cap jest the same as e'd got it—and the first figure Isaiah ther, see the large blue sleeves that a bin worn lately; and ther's one 'at agen, the jim-crow 'at as you may call it, jest the same as the present daay—all things workin back agen.

And that's," he said, going on farther, "Zephaniah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and Obadiah—zee the girdle ther, ow its farmed, th' buckle and th' tossel anging from ther; zee th' arms upon the ips as thay angs down—the ips ow ther zhadid; the figure you zee zleepin ther, ow its zhadid ther.

Ther you zee," he remarked, with a twinkle of the eye and a chuckle, "as I often tells ladies as comes to Fairford church to 'ave got ther fashions time a bin, for ther you zee is the bishop zleeves and the bit o' velvet round the wrist jest the same as they wears

it now-a-days—and thay agrees wi' me and say that little thay expected to come to Fairford church and zee it worn by wimin. One party said 'twas jest like er sleeve—but I said no 'twasnt such a good colour, and she said she b'lieved it.

And that's," passing on, "Jeremiah, David, Izaiah, and Zachariah. Ther now you zee ther Zolomon says ther's nothing new under the sun—it's th' owld fashin agen; ther's the redicule as thay carries um now-a-daays, and a lady said little did er think to come to Fairford church and zee it worn by men as thay did ther—thay said thay never b'lieved such characters as them."

He passed on to the first of another series of windows, and proceeded—"Now you zee that's the beginning of the 'istory of the church. That's the representaiion of the serpunt temptin' Eve. Ther's the serpunt and the fruit on the tree. Ther's Mosis a keepin is vather's flocks—ther's the sheep an the goats a feedin; that's the fiery bush God 'peared to Mosis in—part of it broken and gone; ther's part of the vire left. You zee all this eere glass was taken out of this church and buried underground for a undred years in Oliver Crumwull's time, and ther's no knowit 'twas all perfect wen 'twas brought eere—and I ad a genlemun eere this summer, and before I towld im enything about it, 'e towld me 'e went to St. Mary's Church in Rome and 'e captured the vessel and bought this maner off King Henry VII., and ad the church built—Sir John Tame did."

I should mention, what, however, is well known, that the glass was captured from a ship, and the church was built to receive it.

"That," continued the clerk, after his parenthesis, "that's Gideun a feelin the fleece, and ther's th' hangel a ministerin unto im. That's Sheba queen of the south both earin and trying to ask of King Zolomon, hoffering of im gifts; she's got er gift in er and, and ther's King Zolomun; ladies always admires that colour ther—you zee ther's caps and 'ats. It's all in small pieces, as I've ad genlemen in this church times and times—ther seems to ha' bin a deal o' study to fit it you zee, cause it's all in such small pieces. I ad six glass paynters this summer from Birmingham zed they never zee nothing to compare with it—zed thay'd be down again before the zummer was over—and after I'd zhowed them round thay satisfied me very well, and then thay wanted me to allow them to stop in the church to sketch the figurs off; I told 'em I adn't power to do it, but if I was the vicar I'd satisfy em, and Mr. Rice said you might let um sketch the figurs if I didn't leave—he udn't trust them eere by theirselves. And thay stopped and sketched the figurs, and said thay should come eere agen."

Readers who lately laughed extravagantly must somewhat contract their already expanding features; for my guide has well nigh passed from the region of devildom, and no longer exhausts his very original eloquence upon "red and white tith," and "blue and green and yalla and scaly exteriors." Notwithstanding, he is as quaint as ever in the description of more solemn scenes. After he had finished the description of the series of windows as narrated, we went to the

North Chancel.

"That," said the old man, resuming his chant, "is the

Salutation of Zacherias and Ulizabeth, and that is the birth of John the Baptist—and that's th' only place wer the colours be fayled in the church; and eere you zee ther's a vace—ther's one o' three and the yalla colour goes round—and thay glass paynters we haves eere very offen zes as 'twasn't burnt through, that was the fault o' the colours flyin; and ther wus a glass paynter eere meny eers ago wen my vather was clark, and 'e was of jest the same 'pinion as 'twasn't burnt through.

That's the birth of John the Baptist—ther's the bed, and ther's the post and the 'angins the same as the present daay—the two tossels of the bed you zee 'angin; the ladies be quite zurprised wen thay zees it ther jest the same as now-a-daays. Ther's Mary gwain on a visit to er cusun Lizabeth. Ther's Josif an' Mary gwain to be contracted, and also the weddin—ther's the marriage wer ther bein joined 'and in 'and together you zee; zee the yalla air down Mary's back—you zee that's got in fashin now-a-daays; ther agen in the man's air, zee under the 'at 'ow it's farmed ther; thay facis are considered wunderful ther. Ther you zee, as I ofen tells ladies as comes to the church, thay ave got there owld tricks ther at the weddin the same as thay ave now-a-daays, zir.

That is the 'Nunciation—ther's Mary, ther's the lily in the pot and the blossum of fayth by her side. That is the birth of our Saveer—'ere e's lyin in the mainger, and ther's Mary kneelin over im; there's the oxen all a feedin in ther stawls and the sheperds with ther crooks; ther's Mary and the child in er lap—Mary's face is broken and gone ther, but thay robes be very much admired, and the gurdle

ther. And ther 'r the wise men with ther gifts in ther 'ands—zee the beerd and the bawld ed, and ow thay wared ther air all down ther showlders yeers ago ; and ther's the gurdle you zee and the jewuls farmed—now zee ow rich that is round the waaist ther. That is the circumsision of our Saveer ; here is Simeun—e's a receivin of 'n into the temple ; and also the perspective view, that is noticed very much zir, that winda and the pillurs be'ind it—zee the distance it appears be'ind you, zee ow it is shaped.

That is the Purification of the Virgin Mother ; she is hofferin a pair o' turtle doves a hinside of a cage—you zee ther's the dove farmed inzide. That harse's ed and the man by the zide, the trappin ther, are considered good ; ther's the 'tendants of the wise men. Zee ther the towers ther, ther farmed in differunt placis you zee there zir ; zee ther agen the French beds harched over jest in the same shape as thay be now-a-daays zir, and the tossels anging ther, jest the same fashin back agen you zee. That is Josif and Mary and the young chiuld a flyin into Egypt to void the cruelty of 'erod ; ther's Mary and the child in er lap, and ther's th' hass on the road a feedin ; ther's Josif—e's a gatherin froot in the wildernuss, e's got is 'and at the froot a gatherin the froot off of the tree ther, in that light culured glass ther ; and ther's the hangel in the tree a bendin down the branches for'n. Zee the leaves, the colour o' that tree, ow good it is, the green ther. That is th' 'Sumption of the Virgin Mary. That is Josif and Mary seekin our Saveer in the feast of J'ruslum, wer e's found in the tempul with the docturs both a 'eerin and a haskin them questions wen 'e was but twelve yeers of age—

hobserve ow young looking 'e is for 'is age—and ther's the docturs a owldin ther 'ands up all surprised at 'n."

Tombs.

He then turned to a table-tomb with recumbent effigies of man and woman, the man in armour, and announced it as that of Robert *Legan*, of Worcestershire, related to Lord Beauchamp's family. "One of the family," he remarked, "died not long back, and I 'ad zome of the family at the church eere, and thay was quite zurprised—thay didn't know that eny of the family was eere."

Turning to another tomb—"Now eere you zee the founder of the church, John Tame, and his wife lyin ther. That gentlmun as I ad eere this summur e zed as the glass ought to 'a gone to the Church of St. Mary's in Rome, and I zed, 'Well, Zir,' I zed, 'ther isn't ner such a church in Ingland, I'm well aware o' that,' and he zed, 'No, ther isn't such a church in the world.' Hart's intire lost you zee,"—he observed confidently—"ther *is* no such thing now. I often as wimin in this church as zes ther wus clever men now-a-daays, but ther wus cleverer yeers ago. Zee th' owld grand work ow good it is, the carvin all round this chancel." With this he waved his wand with a grace of pride and sympathy; and having exchanged ideas on the point, we again addressed ourselves to the task—I would say *entertainment* as regards myself—of reading the windows. We went to the

Centre Chancel.

"That is the Hadvent of our Saveer eere. E's a ridin to J'ruslum upon the hass"——The reader had better chant the description slightly through his nose if he wishes

to have an idea of its original character. "Ere e's pointin to them wer ther spreadin branches in the waay, and the hass is liftin is legs over them. Ther's Zaccheus in the zycamore tree, and ther ther cryin 'Osanna in the 'ighest' and zingin off some notes before them—ther's the scroll you know. Eere is our Saveer a prayin in the garden that the cup of affliction might pass from 'im—ther's the cup—ther's the discipuls asleep wen e ast them if thay could not watch one our, That book's much admired, the clasp and the colour of that zur. Ther's Pilut and the 'igh priest sittin in judgment agenst im; Pilut is washin is 'and in the basin that e wud not be gilty of the blood of a just person—and ther ther a barin water out of a owld-fashin jug into the basun for 'im; and ther they compellin one Simun to bear 'is crauss; and ther 'r the theeves with ther 'ands tied be'ind them as was to be crucified with'n. And ther ther a preparin the tomb—ther's one with a shuvul and another a bringin grubbin haxes down as it wer. And that's Pilut is wife as towld them to 'ave nuthin to do with that just pursun. And the hupper part o' this winda is the Croozifixion of our Lard with the pen'tunt thief on the right and the blaspheemus one on the left; and ther 'r the Romun sowljers a tendin is hexecution—the trappins of that 'arse is very much admired. Now you look in that cumpartment ther."

I lifted my eyes, for the old man had turned towards me in the periodical twist of his head, and was waiting.

"That ther is the blaspheemus thief. Ther's the little red devul a sprawlin over him and th' arms a gwain down; over the penitunt thief ther's a hanjul, and e's blue an'

yalla. Ther's Mary waitin ther—ther a supportin o' er and owldin er up; zee the blue dress o' Mary—you zee ow it is shaped, long an full, jest the same as the present daay, as I 'ad a gen'lmun and lady in the church eere not long back, and wen I pointed out to them 'bout these things as she zed, 'Well, indeed, you may zaay clark, as it's long and full, the same as at the present day; and not only that, she zed, 'it's looped up the same as mine.'"

We passed on—"That is Nicademus and Josif of Harimethea a takin down the body of our Saveer from the cross—ther's the dead body a angin across 'is arm—there's the crownd of tharns upon is ed and the print of the nayls in is 'ands and feet wer thay wer nayled to the cross; and if you noticis ther's is harm goes up, is right harm up to the round of the ladder—the green sleave you zee caught owld of the rownd of the ladder, bringin the dead body down; ther's even th' owld-fashin pinchers, the yalla pinchers stuck in is gurdul for drawin of the nayls with; and ther ther a owldin ther harms up to receive the dead body. And that is the representation of the wunderful darkness, wen ther was darkness all over th' irth. And ther ther laayin of im in the sepulchre—e's a layin of'n down you zee; ther's Mary weepin—she got one 'and up at er face you zee, and th' other comes down in her lap.

In th' hupper part in that next cumpartment is Saynt Michul and 'is hanguls a fightin agenst the Dragun and the fall'n hanguls whom thay overcum. That's Belzebub a looking thro the fiery grate—there e is be'ind the bars—you zee all the bars 'peers to be wite-ot and part not to ave come to the wite 'eat yet you zee—that's considered,

the shadin o' that, be'ond heverythin zir—ther's the 'and you zee up be'ind and ther's 'e vixed right be'ind it. Ther's Belzebub ther."

I was enabled to notice that the bars of the grate seemed in such a glow that one would almost have hesitated to touch them, painted as they were.

Pointing to another compartment where I saw common glass interloping, he continued—"Now you zee the facis are broken and gone ther—that's meant for Christ preachin to the wicked spirits in prisn; but ther you zee"—this with a chukle of satisfaction, as heretofore—"ther's the magenta—ther's the colour, as I've often towld ladies thay think thay've got fresh colours and fresh fashins, but it's th' owld thing agen—but thay can't get the colour now-a-daays." He passed to the

South Chancel.

"That's the perspective view of the pool in the garden, you zee, wer our Saveer used to resort, the gardin of Gethsemane; the towers ther, ther farmed one be'ind th' other ther, and the trees a growin in the gardin. That is the Transfig'ration of our Saveer—thar's Mosis and Elias with the Ten Cummandments and the two tabuls of stone; ther's St. Peter, James, and John, and ther'r the three tabernacles. That is th' 'nointin of our Saveer with the pot of ointment. Ther's the hangel that rowled away the stun a sat with 'imself and sayin "*'Oom seek ye, the living among the dead?*'—ther's the ooman a comin with the spices to 'noint the body; and ther'r the linin cloths wrapped together jest a cumin out of the toom. Eere's our Saveer a peerin to is mother, and eere e' peered to

Mary Magdalene after is res'rection. Zee the lady workin in the dressis with diff'runt colours. You zee wat truble it must be to get it together—zee the doorwaays ow they farmen ther, and the tower be'ind it—and the perspective of that winda, the harchwaay ow its zhadid, and the top of the door ther. That's Christ 'peerin to two of is disciples as thay're gwain to Emmayus; eere e's makin of himself known unto them by brekin o' bread before them; and eere e's explaynin the scriptures to the twelve apostles, who all b'lieve except Tummus—e would not till e ad thirst is 'and into is side: ther e is thirstin is 'and into is side.

Now that face ther, zur"—pointing to the face of the Saviour—"is a different sart of glass. Meny yeers ago thay wer gwain to ristore the church, and thay stopped them and would not let them go on eny further; and I think it was a good thing, far thay zed thay would ha' spoiled the church all throughout"—this also confidentially.

"That's wer our Saveer ardered them to lanch down into the deep for a m'raclus draft—ther's the net vull of fishis—and ther's th' one a pullin it in the boat th' one side and one on th' other; and ther's the owl-vashined boat farmed you zee, and ther's some fish broilin on the gridiron for them to eat—thay ad gridirons in thay daays you see in jest the same fashin. I had two gents eere not long back, and one of the gents named it and zed, 'Well, they're dun well'—and one took the other up very sharp, and e said, 'They *are* dun well, and they had bin there many yeers;' and the other said, 'They're painted well, why don't you zee them ——'

This is the 'Sencion of our Saveer from the Mount of Olives, wer e's gone up in the clouds,—but only 'is feet are left visible, the rest part of the body's in the clouds, and ther's the disciples at the foot of the mountain wer e ascendid from ; and eere thay're lookin up with ther 'ands up after the 'Sencion on each side you zee. Eere's also a piece of water—ther you zee is even the boat and men in it, and ther's the swan in the river and the mauss (moss) farmed growin by the riverside you zee, and the boat on tother side. That's the descendin of the 'Oly Ghost in the likeness of a dove on the daay of Pentecaust—zee the facis ther ow good they are you zee—thay're considered wunderful them faces be ; ther you zee some very good bildins farmed—ther is Cathedruls you zee." On the

South Side

we came to twelve figures which as a matter of certainty have been put down to represent the twelve Apostles, though, as an antiquarian friend suggests, the hypothesis may be only due to the coincidence of number. However this may be, the old clerk has given names to each, which he trolls glibly from his tongue's end.

"In these next three windas farmed eere is the twelve Apostles, with the 'Postles' Creed—that is round ther eds, you zee ; ther's a part o' the Creed which begins with 'I b'lieve in God,' and so it goes on. That is Saynt Peter, Saynt Andrew, Saynt James, and Saynt John ; and that is Saynt Tomus, Saynt James the less, Saynt Philip, and Saynt Barthalemew ; and that is Saynt Matthias, Saynt Simon, Saynt Jude, and Saynt Matthew—vour in each winda.

And now these 'r four Primitive Fathers of the Church —that is Saynt Jerum, Saynt Greg'ry, Saynt Ambrus, and Saynt Augustine ; thay've got ther caps you zee farmed on em—thay're the munks you zee—ther's one you zee, e's the same as a Cath'lic priest ther." He looked to a

Small West Window.

"This winda eere is King David a sittin in judgment agenst th' Malakite for slaayin King Saul—ther's the Malakite es got King Saul's ed in 'and by the air of is ed ther, and the zword in is other 'and ; and ther 'r the sowljers by the side of 'im in the other cumpartment ther —zee the sheeld ther, the colour ther ow good it is. Now eere you zee the glass is broke and damaged by the 'ayl-starm that was many yeers ago, an' then the lady gave the lattices for the windas. Now zometimes wen I shows this winda the ladies will saay 'twas a pity the starm came— but if it 'adn't the lattice 'udn't ha' bin given and the 'ole o' the windas ud a bin damaged p'raps."

I didn't dispute this very logically sound proposition, and we passed on.

"Now ther you zee ther's some facis ; ther wer the winda's brok and gone, you zee the diff'rent facis with ther caps an' 'ats ther—ther's the turban jest the same as the present daay ; zee the face ther and the star in frunt of the cap ther, zee the vether (feather) ow it's corried—jest the same as Julip Zing (the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, I presume he meant) as bought a cassel about two mile from eere—e wears a cap jest like that un." We then went to the

North Clerestory Windows.

My guide either suffered from short sight, or else he had never got near enough to the windows to master their designs with the delicious fulness he displayed elsewhere; for he ran very rapidly through their contents. "Now ther you zee," biginning with the north side, "is the Romun Hemp'rors, the persecutors of the church, and all the way along over ther eds in the small cumpartments from winda to winda ther's devuls, ne'er two alike on um all the way; and if you notices in the second winda ther's a green un with a white fark over his showlder. Next to im's a blue un with red hyes you zee—and ther thay goes on all different. Th' other colours 're green and yalla and all sarts of colours—you got summut to do to vind um all out.

In this eere first winda are Deshus (Decius), Ananiaz, and Calib—zee the brown stockins ther, and the slippers ther, 'ow the'r farmed; the trimmin of the blue chairs also.

Now this next winda eere—ther, that figur to the right ther you zee—that's King 'Erod a destroyin' of young children—e's a peercin one through the body—ther's the arms an' legs wite hangin down cross 'is arm, and e's a peercin the zord through the body with th' other. The next to 'im is Sevurus, and the next to 'im is Maximinus—'a got a ed in 'is left 'and, and the zord goes up across 'is breast; you zee, if you notices that figur to the right thur—that's Nero drawd with a red face for 'is croolty. On the right 'and next to 'im is Marcus Awrelus—e's got a spot upon th' bend of 'is zord; and the next to 'im is Antomine with a double row of buttons down 'is

coat, farned like two rows of pearls ther ; e's got the zord in 'is right and the zheeth in 'is left across 'is thigh, and there's the arm and the elbas very good ther zir. And that farthest figur in the last winda is Domishun (Domitian) and the middle figur is Trajun, and the next is Andreean."

We turned to the

South Clerestory.

"These now are the twelve preservers of the church who suffered martyrdum—thay 'ave hangels over thayre eds in contrast with the wicked uns. Ther's no names given to them, but I've had gen'lemen in eere times and times to saay as the middul figur in the first winda ther is meant for Saynt Sebastin, which suffered death by being shot to death."

I saw that the windows were much broken, and I could well excuse the inability to describe them, though I own I should have liked well to have had my entertainment prolonged. However, it had become so dark that I could scarcely take a note, and as on looking through the dim light I discerned in the open doorway the smiling countenance of an intelligent police-sergeant who had undertaken to be my guide to the obtaining of some cray-fish, I was fain to depart. One of the archæological party I have mentioned told me that the old clerk's was the best description of a painted window he ever listened to. I agree with him. Do not my readers? A man of technical education could not enter into the spirit and conception of the designs as our friend does. I have little doubt that my experience with him has ere this formed part of his stock-in-trade.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle.*

THE MOOLBERRY TREE.

'TWERE in the merry month of May,
The birds wur singin on the le-e-e-ea,
When fust I zaw the lovely Molly
Oonder ne'uth the Moolberry Tree.

I axed her if she would be trew,
"Oh, 'ees I 'ool," zays she to me;
A piece of goold we broke in two,
Onder ne'uth the Moolberry Tree.

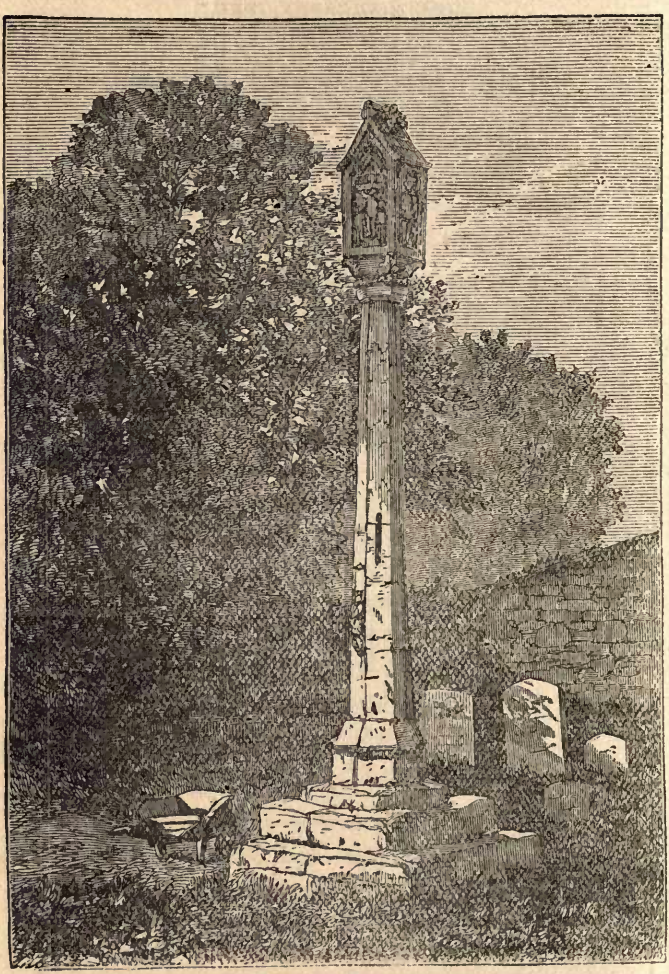
T'were on a dark Dezember night
When Molly went across the Moor,
The znow coomd down and hid the light
An' Molly missed the cottage door.

We vound poor Molly stiff and dead,
A shockin zight it wus to zee!
We putt a stoon abuv 'er 'ead
Oonder neuth the Moolberry Tree.

The maids with May-day garlands come,
All out of love vor she an' me,
An' strew we vlowers 'er last long home
Oonder neuth the Moolberry Tree.

Punch.

A countryman with original ideas, on seeing the steam-tug *Telegraph* submitted to repairs in the dry dock at Gloucester, horrified a by-standing merchant with the inquiry, "I say, zur, be thuck the ship as brings in all the telegrams?"



Ancient Cross,
Ampney Crucis, Gloucestershire.

The Harkyhollurgists.

ZUM cwoaches druv to village church
In rare an' spankin style,
Wi' smokin' hosses vour in han',
From Cizeter dree mile.

Twur genelmen wi' boxers on
An' drest loik parsons all,
Wi' cwots zo black and chokers wite
An' zum wur short an' tall.

Tha gethered roun' the Churchyard Cross
An' pulled out aal thur books,
Tha ax'd his age, an' nun could tell:
Vive hundred yer he looks.

An' wen tha ax'd his age zo zolum
An' parsun shook ees hed;
Tha pwointed to the karven stwons
An' out a book tha red.

Ee thowt tha wur agwain to read
Th' sarvice over hec,
As parsun reds when volks be brot
And ded and cowld tha be.

At last a tall chap hollurs out
"Let's march into the chirch,
Thur's more thur to tauk about
Vor which we are in zurch."

I vollerd tha to see the game
Th' lot wur gwain to plai ;
I thowt as how the old parson
Wi' tha wur gwain to prai.

Tha lookt at aal the anshunt tooms
Au' cherrybims, ya zee,
An' wun ole fogy spoke and zed
'Twas harky-ol-o-gee.

Tha look't at aal the arches roun'
Wi' zig-zag pattern thur ;
An' aal the stwonin angels brown,
Tha made a mity stur.

Uh ax't the Clark what tha ded want—
He zed thay'd buy, perhops,
The angels and the cherrybims
To put into thur shops.

Tha zoon cleer'd out an' look'd aal roun'
The battlemints an' tour,
An' ta'ked aboot th' old church poorch
An' stood in out the shour.

Tha zoon wur up an' off agen,
Rit droo th' village street ;
Ta zee the haunted Manur house
In ruins tha did meet.

——o——

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE ZONG O' ZOCIAL ZIENCE.

YOUR sarvant, my betters in station and wealth,
And thank 'ee fur drinkun the labourer's health ;
And, Zur, I can't tell you how grateful we be
For the good advice you've a bin givun to we.

'Tis true, my grand friends, as afore me I finds,
There's nothun like rubbun together our minds ;
For zo we both taches and larns zummat new—
And now let me zay just a few words to you.

Extravagunce—I bean't afeard to spake plain
To the shrewd higher ranks—is the gentlevolks bane.
What lots of you *un*workun men falls a prey
To that sad love o' yourn for show-off and display.

No doubt you doan't spend all your incomes in beer,
But what do your honse-rents, now, come to a year?
Eight hundred, a thousand and moor, I be told,
And by-m-by the furnitur comes to be zold.

There's likewise your footmen in all zarts o' plush,
Bedizened enough to make e'er a man blush ;
Wi' the hair o' their heads full o' powder an' grease ;
My friends, this here nonsense 'tis time vor to zease.

In hoss-flesh and carridges, too, what you spends
Is dreadful to think of, my unemployed friends ;
I doan't zay you ha'n't got no right vor to ride,
But charruts and hosses you keeps out o' pride.

And then thurs hoss-rheasus, I'm zorry to zay,
On which you bets fortuns and fortuns away ;
Oh ! do, my grand friends, these here courses gie o'er
And doan't go a wagern and gamblin no more.

And what's that there uproar whereof I've heard tell,
When zum on ee goes up to Lunnon to dwell
One night wi' another as costs, for a sate,
What med find ee in lodguns and clothun and mate.

How shockun expensuf's the lives as you lives !
What atun and drinkin ! what feastes you gives !
How vur 'ood the valley of what you gets droo
At one grand blow out, in a carter's keep goo.

The gout comes a wastun your substance and wealth—
And now I be got on the subject of health,
'Tis one whereupon you needs much to be taught ;
You don't attend to ut at all as you ought.

A practice too common, a deal, in your class,
Is dancun in ball-rooms chock vull of voul gas ;
Zo, talk about parties pent up in close air,
There's no crowded dwellings wi' yourn to compare.

The end on it all is you runs into debt,
And risks all your fortuns moor income to get,
Wi' zum gang o' rogues ; when by-m-by comes a smash,
And you zee you be chousèd out o' your cash.

My friends, as our labour in luxury maintaains,
To live on your means you must use your own braains ;
Without self-reliance you'll never learn how
Your puddun to ate in the sweat of your brow.

I hopes as how these arnest words I've expressed,
Like stoans in a millpond 'ool zink in ache breast.
Wi' thenks vor your warnin agin beer an' pipes :
You drank we in clarrut—Here's to ee in zwipes.

Punch.

—o—

THE TITHE PIG.

A Ballad.

"GOOD mornin', Sir," the Paason zed,
"Good mornin', Sir, to you ;
I've come to claim a zuckin'-peg—
You knaw it is my due !"

The varmer wunk upon his wife
Who was a-standin' by,
An' zed, "Ees, Paason, there they be,
All vine uns, in the sty.

"An' gwo in, Paason, jest gwo in
An' peck the biggest out ;
For 'tis but roight thet ye should have
The best, beyond a doubt,"

The Paason smole a saintly smile,
He gazed upon the pegs ;
He wore his suit o' Zunday black,
Zilk stockins on his legs.

He op'd the door o' thic there sty
An' went the best to claim.
A little thought as in a went
A would be brought to shame !

The vinest peg a zeized an' haaled
By t' leg vrom out the sty,
But ere a got anigh the geate
The zow at he did vly.

In vain a kicked, in vain a cried,
She knock'd un in the slush ;
An' when a tried to rise hisself
At un, behind, did rush.

She trampled on his hat an' gloves,
She tore his Zunday clothes ;
He wur a pretty zight to zee—
Blood pourin' vrom his nose.

"Hey, varmer, let me out," zings he ;
"Nay, that would be a zin,"
The varmer said, "My business was,
Good sir, to *let you in.*

Here t' owld zow got madder, and
Began to tear his leg :
"Let me out, varmer, an' I'll gwo
Away wi'out the peg!"

"All right then paason, ef we 're quit
I'll let 'ee out—" "No more,"
Ses paason, "O' thic work vor me ;"
He nearly cuss'd an' zwore.

"Good mornin', sir," the varmer zed,
A lookin' rather sly ;
Then turn'd an' wunk upon his wife
Who stood a laafin by.

F. E. W.

THE CHURCHWARDENS' COMPLAINT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF "THE VILLAGE PARSON."

THE Bishop sat in his high-back'd chair, in episcopal study at home,
And the carved oak presses were garnished with many a portly tome.
A rare old place, with wainscot dark, and tapestry old bedight,
And through stained glass did softly pass "a dim religious light."
But the Bishop's brow was clouded with care, in the midst of his learned repose,
And what the cares of that Bishop were, there is none but that Bishop knows.
Perhaps his flocks showed signs of decay, with pasturage not content;
Perhaps in shoals they were drifting astray, in the mazes of Dissent;
Perhaps the wolf was prowling about, and the under shepherds asleep,
Or taking their ease, thinking more of the fleece than the fodder for the sheep.
But the Bishop's brow was clouded with care in the midst of his seeming repose,
And what the cares of that Bishop were, there is none but that Bishop knows.
"Come in," said he to the footman's knock, discreet at the study door.

"Two farmers, my lord—churchwardens they and guardians of the poor,
From the neighbouring parish of Thichead and of Sanstone on the Moor."
"Sit down, my friends, and your business state as quickly as may be,
And, James, tell Mrs. Jobson I shall lunch precisely at three.
I am very busy," the Bishop said—no doubt what he said was true,
Though what the Bishop was busy about, there was none but the Bishop knew.
"We be come, my lord, to lodge complaaint—eh naibour Jooanes?" "Iss sure."
"Agian the curut of Thichead, and of Sanstone on the Moor."
"Indeed!"—with a pause of grave surprise the Bishop at length began,
"I always thought that Jameson was a most exemplary man."
"That's what's we be come to complaain about—he's a zempery man, my lord."
(He meant an *extempore* preacher, but had quite forgotten the word.)
"And sticks hiszelf up aboave the rest, as ef none than he wer bigger,
Thaw a yent fit to hould a candle to our poor ould Passon Trigger;
And thaw we paays un out of the tithe amoast a hundred a year,

Thers never a pipe, or a glass o' grog, or zo much as a mug o' beer.
Twer but zix months ago (it mid be moor) we zend un a good beg hare,
And a never com'd to the coorsin match, thaw aal tha parish wer there."
"Does he visit the sick?"—"Aw iss, my lord, and thay zaay as a fissicks um too,
Vor sence he bin livin at Thichead the doctor got nothin to do.
Which, zeein the doctor lives ten mile off and charges vor visits, I b'live,
Yent doin as he ud be done onto—tyent livin and lettin to live."
"Does he tend to the poor?" "No doubt o' that! sence he've bin there I'll be bound
We've had to incrase the rates vor the poor a varden or moor in tha pound.
And tha liazy tooads thay praaises un up, in a waay as miakes one zick,
But to varmers as got to paay tha raites tés a shabby onnaibourly trick."
The Bishop mused on this novel complaint. "What you say, my friends, may be true,
But with merely secular parish affairs, you see, I have nothing to do.
If your pastor leads an exemplary life, though some may be grieved, 'tis clear
In matters past cure twixt the rich and the poor a Bishop may not interfere.

If he's sober and steady—" "Why there, zur, you zee, a sticks in along wi' his wife,
While Passon Trigger ud come to the Crown and get drunk ev'ry night of hes life.
But a worthy ould man wer Passon Trigger, and pipple aal liked he the best,
What's the use of a passon onless he can be hail fellow well met wi' the rest?
And a capital sarmon too he'd praich—he'd a dozen or moor I'll be bound,
And we allus knawd what wer comin when Kursmuss or Whitsun com'd round.
But Passon Jemsen jest houlds up hes yead, when hes text vrom the Bible he'v took,
And goos on moast awful at naibour and I, athout lookin on to hes book.
Zo I thought, yer lordship, I'd jest come and axe ef zempery praichin es right,
Vor thaw what a zes mid be perfectly true, he's as bad as a Methodist quite."
"I'll consider the case," the Bishop replied, "you have cause of complaint, no doubt—
Excuse me, but luncheon is ready, I find; James, show the gentlemen out."
Thus endeth my tale—I have nothing to add, except that the story is true;
And what the Bishop thought of the case there was none but the Bishop knew.

OUTIS.

The Moovin Pannurrammur.

NOW, Willum, th' hosses be in vor the nite, zet down an' I'll tell e about the dooins at Cizzeter.

Thee knows measter sent I into toun histerda an' hed to wait till late. In the Markut Please bi the Karn Hall thur wur stuck zum big coloured picturs, an' tha zed twur a Furrin Movin Pannurrammur, an' thenks I wat a girt wild beast he mun be. Tha show'd the country ware he moved about, an' a big pleas twur, but tha wur cute enough not to gie a pictur of the beast hisself, the movin pannurrummur.

I wur wantin' to zee the animal, fur the pepul did stop an' stur zo. I axd a bwoy wat zort of a beast it wor, an' he zed twur like a drummerdumdary, an' he wur as high as the housen ; he'd a girt trunk an' stripes like a tiger, and swished his tail and roor'd.

Th' peepul wur gwain in, an' zo, as I hed best smock an' billycock on I gwos wi' the rest on em and zeed a coloured kurtin akrass the top o' th' hall, an' th' music wur a playin. Thowt as how uh sh'd hear un roor an' hes chain rattle, an' th' gentle volks in vront wur very near toon. The chap stopt th' gingle an' another cum'd up wi' a long stick an' zed he wur a gwain to zhow th' moovin Pannurrammur, an' th' kurtins draad back thursens, an' thur wur a pictur jest like th' wun outside. Sez I to a mon, wur's th' Pannurrammur, an' he pwints to the pictur ; an' jest then I seed a fiery eye a lookin' droo a hole, an' thowt as how twur th' beast a lookin at th' peeple, but twur nuthin but a gaslite.

The chap kep pwointin wi' his stick an' zum vresh

picturs com'd on, wen a dapper vellow show'd hisself an' zung a zong about a battle an' a bwoy, as sed thet "jest before th' battle mother he shud skedaddle whom again." An' the peepul stampt thur heavy boots on the vloor an' hollur'd *zong kur*, an' as the chap hedn't dun it well enuf fur em he cum'd back an' zung anuther zong.

Now, thenks I, th' animal is a kummin out, but tha sed the Irishman ud dance a jig while tha changed the Pannurrammur. I thowt this nashun bad, as I hedn't seed un yet an' hed paid me money. The chap wi' the stick an' black cwoat com'd out agen an' zed the Pannurrammur would now be show'd; an' to kip the peepul in good trim he zed thet he shud also show um a Dyerrammur, the like o' wich hed never been seed afore. Tha lower'd the lites an' the Pannurrammur behind went off like a roorin cannun, an' the housen in the pictur wur aal in vlames.

Sez I to a bwoy "When is the Pannurrammur and Dyerrammur a cummun out?"

As the zong ses, Willum—

He put his finger to his nose,
An' wink'd an' shet one eye.

He sed as how Hookey Walker ud breng um out we a girt chain on.

An' arter aal tha never show'd the beastes, fur the peepul stampt and went out.

Twur dark wen I got whom, an' thur wur a bill stuck on me back of the moovin' Pannurrammur.

Zayins an' Maxims of Zolomun the Rantur.

DRESHIN.

THE Joos hed thur dreshin vloors fur thur carn, but we hev dreshin machines as nocks it out, blows, an' zacks it. Zum uh the old Joos ud a stur'd to zee thur carn dreshed, winnowed, and zacked redy fur markut.

JOSEF THE KARN MARCHANT.

JOSEF was a dabster of a karn merchunt. He kep th' kay o' the karn krib yur t' yur, tel uh wus chock vull, an' the karn never got fousty. He never mooched vrom his bisness, an' corn trade was never zlack ; an' fur seven yer he scrabbled arter carn and then fur anothur seven yer, wat between the dumbledores an' the wether ther wus no craps to 'arvest, an' Josef fot out his carn weout badgerin, an' let the peepul of Egipt hev carn to grind in thur housen an' fur thur cattle. No dout sum of um lookt glum as tha zold thurselves fur carn, as not a lugg uh groun ud bring a handful, but the aith yer thur was sich a jorum thur was enuf fur all.

DAVID THE SHEPHURD.

BELIKE David wus the best shephurd of his da. He wur no gawky, fur wen he now'd his ship wur fech't away he watched vrom th' dream holes of the barn an' zeed a lion an' a burr cumin on the vlocks to goo snacks, an' weout a dawg he clouted um tell tha coodn't roor, an' arter that the vlock wur left aal right.

ZARMUN OF THE COCK.

Twur a mity vine zarmun th' Jarusalem cock preached to Pater—

"Cock-a-doodle doo—
Pater, it yunt troo."

No dout Pater wus moythered wi' the sarvunt gurls, an' he got crass an' tuck to cussin an' swerin', an' wen he went out by hisself the zarmun of the cock was soundin in his ears, an' the bitter teers rolled down his face.

MOOSES AND FARO.

Twur nashun vine to zee Moses lading out the Izraelites from the old brown-skinned King as wus zo crankey as not to let um goa tell the plages wur finished up wi' deth dancin at every door. An' then, thenks he, wen tha be started I'll be arter um an' massacree the lot. All the hosses wur hitched too an' off tha gooad a blowin thur orns to driv um all into th' say. When old parchmunt skin kum up tha wur aal gwain over the red say; an' in a goos arter um, stark mad, an' the water roll'd over um aal. A woman on th' bank zounded a toon—

"Th' hoss an' the rider is lost in the say;"

an' aal the thousands kum in korus as the king an' his hosses wur a drownen. Nat wun went back to tell the wimmen thet the brick-makers hed nat chaw'd thur husbands up.

DO YER DOOTY.

ALLUS do yer dooty, an' never be sich a dommel as to take to guzzling.

"LOWCE me, woot," zed Willum, one nite wen he thowt owld Miffy hed him, but meyster ketch'd un rabbutin an geed un a clout o' th' yud.

A Tetbury Ghost.

"GWOASTES, Zur," said Dan Tucker, a stalwart Tetbury labourer, in reply to my enquiry, "I carn't gwo vur to zay as I iver roightly *zeed* a gwoast like, but I ha' met wi' thay as *hev*, of'en and of'en. Whoi, jest 'andy 'ere, at the White 'Art—but as we be zo near to't, Zur, prehaps you wood jest step in an' take a drop o' zummut, jest to take the edge off your stummik this vrosty marnin'; leastways stan' treat loike, vor in coorse I shooldn't thenk of axing a quality-man like yerself to drenk at *my* expense;" and this dexterous adaptation of my desire for "spiritual information" to the direction of bodily refreshment, led to my informant and myself being snugly seated in the "settle" of the White Hart in less time than it takes to write this, with a foaming tankard before us. "Well, Zur," continued Dan, "you must know thet zum years agone, this public, or hot-el as it oughter be called, was kep' by a vamily o' the name o' Chapman, dacent volk they wur, an' my feyther knawed 'em well. Very healthful man, my feyther, an' he lived to be nigh on a hundred an' hed aighteen sons an' daughters beside myself, of which sum be livin' an' sum be dead, but thet's neither here nor there. Well, these 'ere Chapmans consisted o' John, the lan'lord; the wife, who sort o' tended to the house, loike; an' three as pratty chil'en as iver you'd wish to zee; bloomin' young uns they was, an' jest gettin' on nicely, when what should turn up but a visitation of the toypus fever, an' the little uns all took it, an' dropped off one arter tother. Arter thet the mother zickened an' *she*

dropped off; an' then the feyther hed a touch on't, but thet didn't kill *he*—'twur a vexin' vor them as was gone; an' the long an' the short on't is, they was all a lyin' togither within two months o' each other. Well, arter they was laid in th' ground, the hot-el was shet up vor a whoile, an' then a brother o' Chapman's—Will'm his name wur—came an' took to't, an' by-m-by the custum all come back, an' things progressed well wi' 'em. Well, zur, one noight, after shettin' up, thay—thet's the second Chapman an' his wife—(they was a fruitless pair,) was a settin' by the vire a talkin' over thengs in general an' takin' a drop o' comfort, the rest bein' in bed an' none about, when all of a zuddent thay heerd the deuce an' all of a knockin' at the door o' the room they was a zettin' in. "Come in," ses Chapman, wi'out lookin' round, thenkin' as 'twas someone tuk bad an' wantin' a drop o' gin mebbe; but when a *did* turn to zee who 'twas a gev a sort of a hop-step-an'-a-jump loike, vor there was his brother an' his brother's wife as was gone a standin' in the room as nat'ral as cood be. "Well, brother Will'm," ses the gwoast, "I an' my missis," a ses, "tho't as we would give you a look in," a ses.

"G-g-glad to zee you, brother John," ses Chapman, not to be outdone, "*an* your missis, come an' zet down, boath on ye; but," ses he, a thought sort o' strikin' 'im, "where's the childern?" ses he. "Jest outside," ses the gwoast. "Ax 'em in, brother John," ses Chapman, "ax 'em in, an' tell 'em to zet down too." "Well, brother Will'm," ses the gwoast, "I will ax 'em *in*; but as to *zettin' down*, thet's another theng," ses he; "they can't do *thet*, brother Will'm," ses he, sort o' sorrowful loike, "they can't do *thet, vor they ha' got nothin' to zet on.*"

You zee, Zur, thay was turned into *cherrybums*; an' as ivery gentleman of your booklarnin' knaws, thay consistes o' nothin' but heads an' wings, loike you zee 'em on the gravestwuns; zo there's no more zettin' down vor them, poor thengs, tho' one might jedge diff'rent vrom their names!" Zum zes as meyster Chapman, Zur, hed bin hevin' a drap too much, and dramed he zee 'em. But he stuck to't hard an' fast. F. E. W.

HAWFINCH ON LADY HELPS.

PHIL Fielder he farmed his own freehold estate,
And he'd long thought o' lookun' about for a mate;
But Phil, though well-off enough single to bide,
Wus afear'd 'toodn't run to the keep of a bride.

So high now the prizes of all things be rose,
And Ladies consooms sitch a kit o' fine clo'es;
'Mongst e'en the small gentlefoks where you looks round,
There's few gals a standun 'mid less nor twelve pound.

And zum can't do nothun beyond zing and plaai,
And lollup and laze on a sofer all daai.
Phil wanted a gal as could work undergoo,
And demane herself greaseful and elegant too.

He went to the Hall on a Michaelmas Day,
Some rent for a bit of a holdun to pay;
When the Squire he axed Phillup to stop there and dine—
In a plain way the famully party to jine.

There sat a gal next to 'n, drest nate but not gay,
As purty in pursun, as plain in array;
Thinks Phil, "That ther maaiden's above my degree,
Or else she'd be zackly the missus for me."

When dinner was wauver, Phil larn't from the Squire
Who was that nice young gal in sitch quiut attire;
"A poor doctor's daater that sarvus ha' took—
'Twar she dressed the dinner; that thare's our head cook.

"She 've got too much pride fur to marry fur bread;
But she bain't above labour'n to earn it instead.
That thare's our Lady Help; so now drink up thy wine."
Thinks Phil to his self, "I shuld like her fur mine."

He wrote her a billy, gentale and purlite,
Whereunto she consented—'twur love at fust sight.
And so they got married without moor delay;
And the Squire he wus willun to gie her away.

Sarch the countree around, and you wun't find a pair
As lades a moor happier life than them there.
She keeps his whoam tidy, and 'tends to his boord,
And his manes makes go furdest good thengs to affoord.

No doubt but she'll bring up her daaters likewise,
To roast and to bile, and meak puddens and pies;
To rub, scrub, and polish, and wash, bake, and broo,
As every chap's wife should be yeable to do.

The lass for me 's her that can sweep out a room,
Not by wearun a train, but by usun a broom.
Lady Helps and Fine Ladies comparun, I says,
Dirty work done wi' clane hands afoor dirty ways!

Now every young feller to wedlock inclined,
Thee look out a nawtable huzziv to find;
Fine Ladies, fandangoes, and filligrees flee.
Thee'st a Lady Help find the best helpmate for thee.

Punch.

Gloucestershire
Harvest Home Choruses.

No. I.

HERE'S a health unto our master,
The founder of the feast;
I hope to God wi' all my heart
His soul in Heav'n may rest!
That all his works may prosper
Whatever he takes in hand;
For we are all his servants
And all at his command!

No. II.

Here's a health unto our mistress,
The best of one and twenty;
Heigh-ho, is it so, is it so? It *is* so!
Fill it up a little fuller, for I think it looks quite empty,
And down let it go, let it go, let it go!
And if you drink too deep
You can go to bed and sleep,
And drive away sorrow and woe.

No. III.

Here's a health to the man this house do belong,
For providing of us this good cheer;
Here's health to his wife all the days of her life,
Lord send him good crops for next year.
And prosper his flock, and all his whole stock,
His family well to maintain;
Then take up this cup and drink it all up,
For there's plenty to fill it again.

A Gloucestershire Courtship.

WHILE on a holiday in the country I took up my abode at the house of an old Farmer, who having resided in the neighbourhood from his youth, was much respected. His conversation, teeming with stories told in his simple but unadorned manner, could not but render his company most interesting to me.

Honest old Farmer Giles had an only son, who had reached the age of forty without entering into the matrimonial state; in fact he was rather "half-saved," and as true a specimen of a country bumpkin as ever graced a pitchfork. Our conversation one day happening to turn on the said bumpkin, I expressed my surprise that he had not had the good fortune to get married.

"Well," said the farmer, "it beant th' faut o' his 'feace I reckon, for he be as pretty a bwoy as here and there one, an' he have had his chances by my fakins, an' had he ha' bin as cute as I be he med ha' had a buxom lass, wi' no end o' money neither!"

"How was that then?" I asked.

"You must know," said the farmer, "that my bwoy used to work wi' I in the vield, that is, he ploughed an' sowed, ripped an' mowed, an' all t' other 'cultural works loike, an' a steady, hard-workin' lad he wer too, 'till all on a zudden bless ee he becum lazy loike, an' wouldn't work at all, an' if I blow'd un up 'twere all th' same; so at last, thinks I to myself, I'll spake to en about it, ca'mly loike, an' so I did, an' axed un what wur the matter wi' un, and so ses he: "I don't dissactly know, ha! ha! ha! but ever since

I seed Molly Grundy at our village church, fayther, I've felt all over in such a conflaggeration loike; ha! ha! ha!" "But you beant in love, be ye," I ses. "Well," ses he, "I doant know dissactly, may be I med be, but dang my buttons, fayther, ef I doant think Molly 's in love wi' I; ha! ha! ha!" "But did a spake to ye," I ses. "Ees, to be sure a did," ses he, "an' sed I wur a pretty bwoy, ha! ha! ha!" "An' what did ye zay back to her?" "Zay? whoy I laft, ha! ha! ha!" "Well," ses I, "you should ha made love to her," I ses. "But I didd't know how, fayther," ses he; "What be I to zay?" "Well," ses I, "I'll tell ee, my sonny. When you zees her agen, jest you address her summut loike this (I knaw'd what to tell un cos' I had larned it out of a book):—Oh, thou most incomparable of thy sex! thine eyes of diamond light have pierced my heart's core, thy cheeks are carnation red, thy lips like coral, thy skin alabaster; thy teeth, good lack! and graceful mien, have scorched and burned up all the particles of my heart. Deign, then, to expend thy passion upon me alone, thy grateful swain, who is at this moment ready to espouse thee, thou irresistable and adorable woman!

"And did he say all this?" I enquired.

"Noa, noa," replied the farmer, "a sad blunder a made, bless ee, all droo his bein' no scolard; and a lost both his sweetheart Molly an' her money into the bargain. When a got to Molly Grundy's door a drapt an his knees, scrat his head, an' began:—'Oh! Molly Grundy, fayther ha' sent I here to undress ye—oh! thou most unbearable of thy sex! Thy eyes dimmed light ha' pierced my heart sore—thy cheeks be tarnation red—thy lips like mackerel

—thy skin plastered—thy teeth, so black an' hateful an' mean—thou hast scorched and burned up all the articles in my heart. Feign, then, to expend thy passion on I alone, thy hateful swine, who is at this moment ready to expose thee, thou detestable and deplorable 'ooman.'"

Molly Grundy no sooner heard this speech than she caught up a long broom and "whopped" Robin out of the house, and from that time to this he has never been able to get a wife, or muster courage enough to essay love-making.

—o—

An epitaph in Dymock graveyard is engraved as follows :—

"Too sweetur babes you nare did see
Than God Amity gave to we ;
But they wur ortaken wee agur fits,
And hear they lys has dead as nits."

A native of the Forest of Dean, aspiring to the poets bays, writes with reference to Noah's Ark :—

Next there comed the monster Zin,
And him with all his train went in :
A purty theng, upon my word,
I wish they 'd knock'd un overboard ;
But if they had no good 'twould a bin,
For the devil would a teached him how to zwim.

—o—

Cirencester Church—East View.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILLUM AND TUMMUS.

Tummus—Do 'e know, Willum, thur's a vool atop uh Cizzeter church?

Willum—Wat do 'e zay, Tummus?

Tummus—I zay, do 'e know thur's a Tom vool atop uh Cizzeter church?

Willum—Noa, I doant. Hev heerd ov a munkey atop ov a house, but never zeed a vool atop of a church.

Tummus—Thur is one then, Willum, vor schoolmaster in village told I zo; an' twur a stwonin vool wi' a kap an' aal on, wi' veathers stuck in.

Willum—Doo 'e zay zo, Tummus. Never heerd sich a theng afoor.

Tummus—Schoolmaster zaid as how thur wur aal th' figgurs play'd at Whitsuntide thur. Thur wur th' lord and lady an' the mon wi' th' zword, and he as carried th' money with a pus in his girdle, an' twur rote under one on um, "Be murry." *

Willum—Wat jolly chaps thay must a bin as bilt Cizzeter church. Noa doubt tha play'd th' Witsun ale in them days.

Tummus—Quite troo, Willum. Schoolmaster zed as how th' Roman Catholics karv'd them out and bilded th' church, and thet they zung masses vor th' souls ov the old Cizzeter volk.

Willum—Thay doant zing vor thur ded people now, do um, Tummus?

Tummus—Noa, but thay hed the Virgin Mary large as life, so I hev heerd zay, an' brot thur presents to hur. Tha hed a pictur painted we devuls wheelin the wimmin down to hell on the wall, zo thet the chink must a pour'd in nation vast. Th' old Cizzeter volk dedn't want to be wheeled off be old Nick to be roasted arter tha' wur ded.

Willum—Pace to thur zouls, Tummus.

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* *Below the battlements, on the north side of the nave, are stone carvings, representing the chief actors in the Whitsun Ale, once so celebrated in this part of the country. The Lord wears a cap and feathers, and holds a scroll on which is written in ancient Saxon characters,* BE MERRIE. *The steward has a purse at his girdle. There are also representations of the lady of the feast, the fool, musician, sword bearer, &c. It may be seen to advantage from the leaded roof of St. Mary's Chapel.*

ZENDIN A VALINTINE: OR, DOIN THE GRECIAN BEND.*

TWO zays I to myself one nite,
I got a mine, 'tis true,
I'd zen a ugly valentine
Ta thick are stuck up Sue.

Vor zunce she went to Lunnen town,
Las Crismas, vor a week,
Ta zee hur airs an hur pride
'Tis nuff ta meak ee zick.

She ardly know'd I, she declared
When tak ta hur I tried,
An zed she shudden wak we I,
I wur za countrified.

Spouse not, zays I, spouse ye've voun
A chap in Lunnen town
That is a gwain to be your beau
Insteads a boor Mike Chown.

She toss'd hur head an zed, praps zo;
I tell ee, we out joke,
Na moure I do intend ta wak
We zich a country bloke.

* *From 'Rhymes of the Wiltshire Peasantry,' by Edward Slow. Published by F. A. Blake, Salisbury.*

I never wants ta zee ee moure
Nor speak, ya may depend.
Then hoff she went, a tryin ta do
Thick ugly Grecian bend.

I did think that she ad moure zense
Avore she went away;
But let hur goo, praps zoon she'll rue
Vor this, another day.

However, zince St. Valentines
Is purty ni at han,
I'm dang if I doont zend hur won
As ugly as I can.

Vor then it med bring down her pride,
An praps hur ways she'll mend
If I da zen hur won that's tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Zo jist avore tha day I rote
To couzin Jim, in town,
Ta goo an buy a valentine
An seafly zen un down.

Structions I gied un wat ta buy,
Purty straite ye may depend:
Twur ta be a country girl
A dooin the Grecian bend.

Nex day the poustman he did breng
A letter dressed ta I,
An mother cudden meak un out—
She looked at un purty sly.

Upstairs I rushed we un to me room,
Tha invelope did rend,
An ther a girt flash gal wer tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Zich a pictur never did I zee
In ael my life avore.
Apon me zong twur jist like Sue,
Jist like tha things she wore.

An ow I grinn'd at thick ar zite,
I neer tha house did rend,
Ta zee thick are girt stup a trying
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Well, beant I plaz'd, I'm zure ower Jim
Ne'er coud av vound a better.
'Tis jist tha very thing vor Sue—
She shall av un in a letter.

Zo then I popp'd hoff inta town
Ta pwost thick valentine,
Bekaws she shudden know tha mark,
Nar who twur zen un vine.

An then nex marnen I did hide
Ta watch tha pwostman by,
An out come Sue, an she did zay,
Is there ar one vor I?

An pwostman laff'd, and zed "Ees Sue,
I think ther's one vor thee;"
An ater lookun ael om o'er,
Zed, "Ay, an yer he be."

Sue nearly snatch'd un vrom his han,
Then rin'd behind a tree
Wur she cud open un, bekaws
No biddy else shid zee.

But gess hur temper wen she zeed
Wat thick letter did contain,
She vow'd, she cried, she roar'd za loud,
I thought she wur in pain.

Jist ooden I let em av it if
I know'd who did this zend,
Zich lying things, ta zay I tries
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

I vow I will vind out who tis
Av zen this yer ta I ;
A goo for nothin loppin stup.
Jist wunt I at em vly.

An ael thick day she wur za mad,
She cried and bellered zo—
I raaly think she ad a mine
Away hurzelf ta drow.

Aelthough I liv'd nex door I diden
Zee hur goo out ael day,
Zays I, I shant goo in ta she
I'm seafer, much, away.

I auver yeard hur mother zay,
As she went out thick nite—
Ower Sue iv ad a valentine,
An tis a purty vrite.

Girt stup, I tould hur ow tid be
Wen frim Lunnen she com down,
If she did ape tha voolish ways
Of they there voke in town.

I warn till do hur lots a good,
Vor now, ya may depend,
Na moure you'll vine will she be tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Na moure she did, 'tis true, begar,
Thick ugly vashun try ;
She wak'd jist like she used ta do,
An strait as you ar I.

Tha very bwoys, they noticed hur,
An zed, ya may depend,
I'm blow'd if Sue ant left off trying
Ta doo tha Grecian bend.

Thick valentine, he done her good,
Tho much he did offend,
It tirely cur'd Sue a tryin
Ta do the Grecian bend.

But now she've long vorgot tha time
Wen she wur Lunnen struck ;
An now she caals I hur dear Mike,
An I caals hur me duck.

We be married now, an I avow
A happy life I spend,
Tho zometimes in a joke I zay,
" Sue, try the Grecian bend."

MORAL.

Now ael young lasses never try
  Zich voolish vashuns vain,
Vor if ya do, I'm zure no man
  Of zense you'll ever gain.

Vor pen on it, thers nothin like
  A plain modest attire,
Vor ael young men of common zense
  Zimplicity admire.

Vor mead up gals will never meak
  Good wives, ya may depend,
Na moure ill they that ayes zich whims
  As that ar Grecian bend.

The Union Meeting.

"UNION meetin, maister; that's wot this row is about.
You be a stranger now, I rayther ventur to doubt?
Thought I zeed your vace a lookin out o' the Crownd,
When all the chaps wi' banners an' vlags were marchin into the townd.

"Summut in newspaper line, baint yer? ay, jus' so;
An' about this Labourers' Union I s'pose yer wants to know?
Well, I carn't zay mooch in its vavour; *one* thing tho' I *can* zee—
It's fast a-makin enmity where 'armony used to be.

Hark ye, thet Bill Jones them Union zongs will zing
(An' th' Squoire, whene'er he meets un, looks as black as anything);
Bill ses the parsons be all on em thieves—let thet be how as twill
I knaw th' Rector were terrible kind to Polly when she wur ill.

"A slip of a gurl wur Polly, she ever wur reyther vine,
An' zomehow I sort o' thought as she'd go off in a decline;
And go she did too, maister—'tis true I've Loo and Sal,
But that theer little Polly wur allus my favourite gal.

"Th' rector's lady came every day, an' his daughter—a lovely miss—
Bent down her beautiful head an' guv poor Polly a kiss;
She lifted up her weary eyes, to return that kiss she tried,
Then looked at us all *so* sorrowful, an' then vell back an' died!

"An' it's awful oncot maister, when one as is dear to ye dies—
How this here tarnation dust do blow in a body's eyes!
Makes em watery zomehow. Cryin'? not it! No vear!
I aint a goin' to turn to a babby at aighty year.

"Here comes the local agent, jest you watch un jump,
As sassy an' slick as can be, right atop o' th' pump;
But you carn't heer mooch as a ses, becos o' the noise of the boys.
Sniffin' sir? I s'pose you vinds o' the smell o' th' corduroys.

"I thinks that pump and he, maister, zomehow be zort o' zorter,

Vor all as you gets from the one is trash, an' all from
tother is water ;
An' I likes a drop o' good beer, *I* do. Teetotaller? not
for me !
Vor no sort o' kind o' sense in that I *niver* could zee.

"An' all these revolutions doant kind o' seem right to me,
I ses, let everything bide just as it used vor to be.
I *niver* did hold wi' changes, and thet's how I be here,
Livin' in my owld cottage, maister, vor nigh upon fifty
year.

"In thet old cottage, maister, I hopes as how I shall die ;
(Th' Squoire whenever a passes allus acknowledges I !)
There's a pretty patch in front on't too, an' tho' now 'tis
sumwhat clear,
'Tis bright wi' gillies an' columbines an' sich in th' spring
o' th' year.

"I mind th' ould Squoire too, he *were* a hare-brained man,
Allus after the lasses, an' many's the game he'd plan ;
He was the death o' one pretty girl, but not a pin cared he,
But cracked his bottle an' joke, as merry as merry could be.

"They say a walks o' nights—I niver have met un mysen,
But Timothy Hale, the poacher, ha' met un agen an' agen;
A ridin' his coal-black hoss, an' lookin' as glum as can be:
Sakes alive ! 'tis a awful theng for a mortal man to zee.

"Anything like the larnin' I sartinly niver seed,
There's ne'er a brat in the village but now can write an'
read.

Thet's a theng as *I* niver could do—and, maister, I be here,
And what is more, I'm hearty an' strong, at nigh upon aighty year.

"I wonder who'll do the ploughin' wi' all these newfangled ways?
They'll vind the volly on't, mark me, on one o' these vuture days,
All on em, ladies an' gentlemen. By-'m-by you'll see they'll shirk
Every sort o' labour, and turn up their noses at work.

"Why do I come to the meetin'? Becos the rest on us do;
I jest hears what they a got to zay, an' I also thinks a few.
I mounted my Zunday cwoat, an' a collar—he's stiffish wi' starch,
But my old ooman zed, zes she, 'You be goin' to listen to Arch;

"'An' you oughter look as decent as all th' rest o' th' chaps,
Or else some on em may zay you ha' got no thengs, prehaps;
But mind an' kip oot o' thick o't, vor if thet cwoat you spile
It's sartain sure you won't get another vor no end of a nation while.'

"About the Union tho'—I reckon there'll soon be a day
When they'll vind it oot, thet all this here vools clackettin will not pay;
The volk be glad to coom back agin as to vurrin parts they send;
But they've all "gone in" for the Union—in the *Union** their days will end."

F. E. W., *Hornet.*

* *Workhouse.*

THE FIRST BRIDGE ON THE THAMES.

WALKING to the Tetbury Road Station of the G. W. Railway one day, I met a fine team of horses, and the well known dialact of the district greeted my ear—"Gee-wult. K'-mae-thee."

The carter met an acquaintance and the horses were stopped, and I overheard their conversation.

"Well carter, did he zee a mon on th' rooad wi' a billy cock an, an' karren a book?"

"Zeed un jest now, Willum." "He be kum as he zed from Lunnon. 'A ax'd I vor the Tems Head, an' vor the life on mu I dedn't thenk wat a mand. Thout as how twer a public house, an' I tell'd 'n thur wur no housen heer abouts.

Zed as how twern't housen uh wur looken vor, but Tems Head, wur th' water com'd up out o' yearth. I pwinted akrass th' vilds to the sprengs. Zed as how ef I'd zhow'n th' place an' tell'n aal I nowd, he'd gie I half-a-crownd. Zo off we gwoes, an' I tell'd un th' sprengs wur verry ni' allus runnin nite an' da'. Took out hees book an' draad th' trees an' waater as natral as life. We vollured th' straam an' come to bridge in th' vild wi' dree arches in.

Zed as how twur fust bridge on th' Tems. An' out uh pulls his book an' draas th' dree arches, wi' a labourer an' bwoy gwain awver. While uh wus draain he tell'd I as how he hed a zeed th' *last* bridge on th' Tems th' da' avoor, an' twur kaal'd Lunnun Bridge ; an' wat de thenk, kearter, uh zed as how th' last bridge on th' Tems cost more suvrins then the fust cost vardens. Zed as how th' straam got begger un' begger tell uh kum to Lunnon, an' girt beg stame zhips thouzands ov tons weight, wi' hundards o' peeple aboord rowd up an' down. And a zed as how the zhips vram th' Indees brought in the bacca an' nutmegs on th' zame waater we wur standin' by.

I axed ef he thawt as how I wur a dommel, as he tell'd I sich thengs, an' he zed twur troo. He tell'd I moor thengs about th' Tems, an' zed he wur delighted to zee th' bridge an' th' strame. He gied I half-a-crownd, Kearter, an' we'll drenk the genelman's health to-night, an' I'll tell 'e moor thengs uh zed as made I aal ov a oonderment.

The Skull at Binkney Park.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

THERE is a skull at Binkney Hall,
And it is old and dark;
It stands beneath the window wall,
Which overlooks the Park.

How long t'hath stood, beneath its shade
No living man can say;
For ages efforts have been made
To put the bone away.

It hath been pounded bit by bit,
And scattered o'er the green;
But ere the moon her lamp hath lit
It hath again been seen.

It hath been plung'd into the sea,
A thousand fathoms deep,
And fill'd with lead, that it might be
Where monsters play and sleep.

But soon the lord of Binkney Hall,
With horror he discerned,
As he stood by the window wall,
The skull it had returned.

The sexton delv'd at midnight hour,
And buried it in clay,
Full twenty feet beneath the tower,
But *there* it would not stay.

The Lord of Binkney laughed, and said
"No more thou shalt appall."
But when he left his sleepless bed
He found it 'neath the wall.

Lord Binkney cried, "O misery!"
And curs'd it with a frown;
"I've plung'd thee in the briny sea,
Full fifty fathoms down.

"O, I was glad to see thee sink
Beneath the ocean's wave;
And I sailed home rejoiced to think
Of thine eternal grave.

"And I sailed home, with mirth and glee,
To think that grisly bone
Was safe beneath the deep blue sea,
Beneath the torrid zone!

"And Binkney's doors were open'd wide,
I heard the trumpet's sound—
And villagers, with honest pride,
With flowers strew'd the ground.

"I heard the minstrels in the hall,
No living soul was dull;
When, lo! beneath the window wall
I found the dismal skull.

"With sand and shell 'twas cover'd o'er,
And sea weeds dripping wet;
Like some fresh waif cast on the shore,
When first my gaze it met.

"Thou shalt not be for ages more,
To tax us with our guilt—
To mind us of the human gore
Our wicked house hath spilt."

Lord Binkney curs'd, Lord Binkney swore
He'd burn it like a brand ;
And in a fit of frenzy bore
The skull-bone in his hand.

He plac'd it 'neath the waggon's tyre,
And crush'd it, with a crash,
And put the fragments in the fire
And burnt them to an ash.

Lord Binkney quaff'd the red wine-cup,
And gave a hearty laugh,
To see the white ash whirling up
And scatter'd like the chaff.

Lord Binkney kiss'd his pretty bride,
For he was overjoy'd ;
"This cursed skull," Lord Binkney cried,
"For ever is destroy'd."

Lord Binkney rose the morrow morn
To shed a bitter tear,
For e'er he blew his hunting horn
The object of his fear—

The horrid skull of Binkney Hall,
Which in the fire had burn'd,
He saw beneath the window wall
With freshness had return'd.

Lord Binkney made a shocking vow,
And curs'd that horrid bone ;
When o'er the lawn, like bended bow,
There crost an aged crone.

The old dame trembled in the cold,
With few rags to defend her—
She was as frightful to behold
As King Saul's witch of Endor.

"Forbear, my Lord," the dame did say.
"While Binkney owns an ell
Of this domain, this skull will stay
Its vengeful tale to tell.

"For ages heirs, who came and went—
The old man and the boy—
Have many fruitless efforts spent
This skull-bone to destroy.

"Be calm, my Lord, and yield to fate,
Nor war with its decrees ;
That skull was here, on this estate,
Before yon old oak trees.

"When all the Binkney's race are dead,
And strangers hold in trust
Thy lands—O then the skull you dread
Shall crumble into dust."

Lord Binkney jumped upon his steed,
Which paw'd the verdant ground ;
O'er hedge and ditch he tried his speed
To catch the baying hound ;

And as he chas'd the bounding stag
Adown the winding vale,
He thought upon the shrivell'd hag,
And all her dismal tale.

And as he gallop'd with his men
His fury did abate,
He vow'd he never would again
Attempt to war with fate.

And to this day this skull is found
Beneath the crumbling wall.
And if you ask the people round
You will believe it all.

H. Y. J. T.

THE THREE OLD MEN OF PAINSWICK.

(A Ballad, exemplifying the longevity of the Inhabitants of that famous town two hundred years ago.)

OH, Painswick is a healthful town,
It hath a bracing breeze,
Where men by nature's rules might live
As long as e'er they please.

Before the glass and baneful pipe
Had robbed man of his strength,
And water only was his drink,
He liv'd a greater length.

Two hundred years, or more, ago
A pilgrim passed that way ;
And what that pilgrim heard and saw
I will relate to-day.

And while he stopp'd outside the town
To rest his weary bones,
He saw a very aged man
Upon a heap of stones.

The pilgrim saw him with surprise,
And surely thought he dream'd ;
The poor man was so very old,
Methuselah he seem'd !

He'd travelled o'er the wide, wide world,
Amid its heat and cold,
But he had never, never seen
A man one half so old.

His face was wrinkled like a skin
That's shrivell'd by the heat ;
His hair was whiter than the snow
We tread beneath our feet.

It made the pilgrim sad,
As he was passing by,
To see his old eyes filled with tears,
To hear him sob and cry.

The man was crying like a child,
His tears fell like the rain ;
The pilgrim felt for him, and asked,
" Old man, are you in pain ?

"Oh, tell me, tell me, poor old man,
Why you do sob and cry."
The old man rubb'd his eyes and said,
"Feythur's bin a b'yutting I."

"Old man, old man, you must be mad,
For that can never be.
Your father surely has been dead
At least a century?"

"No, feythur be alive and well,
I wish that he wur dyud,
For he ha bin and byut his stick
About my face and yud."

The pilgrim pick'd the old man up,
And walk'd to Painswick town;
"Oh! show me where your father lives
And I will put you down.

"And I will tell the cruel man
Such things must not be done,
And I will say how wrong it is
To beat his aged son."

The pilgrim shook a garden gate,
An old man ope'd the door:
His back was bended like a bow—
His white beard swept the floor.

If Adam he had liv'd till now
And lengthened out his span,
Then Adam really would have seem'd
Another such a man.

The pilgrim felt amazed, indeed,
When he beheld his sire;
He held a great stick in his hand,
His face was flushed with ire.

"Old man, old man, put down your stick,
Why do you beat your son?"
"I'll cut the rascal to the quick
If he does what he've done:

"Why up in yonder apple tree
Grandfeyther risk'd his bones;
And while the old man pick'd the fruit
The rascal dubb'd with stones."

The pilgrim turned his head and saw,
Up in an apple tree,
A *very*, very aged man,
The *eldest* of the three.

The pilgrim was a holy man,
Whose hopes were in the sky;
He fled—he thought it was a place
Where men would never die.

H. Y. J. T.

The Battle of Barber's Bridge,

(GLOUCESTER—1644.)

ROUSE up, rouse up, old Gloucester, thou city strong and fair,
Ye men who guard the ancient walls, be strong in fight and prayer.
Rouse up, rouse up, before the dawn, your city to defend,
The floods are rising in the west, Teme, Severn, Leadon blend;
Their waters now towards your walls in torrents swift descend.

Rouse up, rouse up, old Gloucester, against the cruel flood
Of men "malignant" from the west, whose deeds are deeds of blood.
Men from the mountain fastnesses of Wales and Malvern high,
Rouse for the fight, before 'tis light, and all your foes defy.

The city heard the summons, and the dreary streets grew light,
Torches and tapers flaming there on faces stern and white,
And women clinging to the men in terror and affright.

Quoth Massey, "Shall the foemen come and find us weeping here?
Nay! let us rather seek him out, that his may shed the tear.
Ye women weaken not the men, by prayers such as these,
Let them stand on the battle field, while you are on your knees.

Show not your love by fondness, men, there is a better way—
Give all you have for all you love : up then unto the fray."

The men then grew together and the women stood apart,
Four hundred men, both horse and foot, all strong and true of heart ;
And soon the clatter of horses' feet and the tramp of armèd men
Passed down the slanting Westgate Street—there was weeping loud just then—
Passed down the street and away from this forth at the Foreign Gate,
And o'er the Islands two that lie to guard us in our strait.

The morning brake all beautiful, with streaks of silver grey,
The sun rose over Churchdown hill just as we marched away ;
So let our darkness turn to light and bring our foes dismay.

The foe lay strong at Tainton House and at Highleaden Green—
We made our way through Lassington and Tibberton unseen ;
Then came to Tainton Hill, and here lay opposite the foe,
But could not tempt him to the fight, nor could we strike a blow.
Close lay he now, but closer still when laid in "Bloody Ho."

Then back again through Tibberton we came and crossed the brook,
And lay in ambush near a house. Meanwhile our Captain took

Some hundred men, and rode along as though he nothing knew
Of dangers close at hand that could molest his careless crew.

So came they near Highleaden Green, five hundred men there lay,
Who like a swooping eagle sought to make our band their prey:
Goliath knew not David's strength and therefore he was gay.

From field to field, from hedge to hedge, our men with speed retire,
From field to field, from hedge to hedge, the foe maintains his fire.

Quoth Langdale, "Soon these men must yield, two streams here join in one—
A narrow space is all now left where battle can be done."

"True," quoth our noble Massey, an he led us from our lair,
"Two streams here join of living men—for battle now prepare."
But Langdale and his troop of horse unwilling were to fight,
Their spurs were sharper than their swords, and so they took to flight.

The foot stood to it close and hot. Oh! 'twas a dreadful time—
Men meeting death by sword and fire when life was in its prime.

In vain the foe resists our arms, we have them front and flank,
And lay them low as mower's scythe cuts grass rank after rank.
As when some person great in name goes crowds of men among,
Our cannon balls make easy way through all the eager throng.

The musketeers on either hand came close enough for blows,
Oh ! what a threshing bout is there, blood free as water flows.
Blood here, blood there, 'twas everywhere, my sword clung to my hand,
"Cleave thou to me, I will to thee," I said, "thou blasting brand,"
Our swords like Aaron's rod devour, and nothing could withstand.

One would have cleft our Massey through, a trooper shot him dead,
One raised his sword with dire intent, a shot tore off his head ;
Quick like a stream came bubbling up the blood all hot and red.
Our Captain was a mark for one whose pistol missed its aim ;
The bullet laid his charger low—this did our men inflame,
Death hung upon their eager strokes the victory to claim.

Now, like as oxen stain a stream that runs through ruddy clay,

A group in Leadon water stood, like lions brought to bay,
The blood-red stream increased their fire, they suffered no dismay.

"Give in! give in!" quoth Massey, "I like a worthy foe;
Shall all the cowards save their lives and heroes feel the blow?"
"Give in! give in! these doughty lads shall now in safety go."
Then said they all with one accord, "We then will follow thee;
Our leaders show the way to fight, but thou to victory."

Together we buried the silent dead upon that summer's eve,
Together we marched and nothing said, for all had cause to grieve.
In silence came we to the town, weary and worn and sad,
A saddened joy was in our hearts, although we victory had.
How different the even-song to that of early morn!
The women now were jubilant, but then were all forlorn.

But soon we all had cause for joy, for those who with us came
We found were Gloucester men who had gone forth in Charles's name.
Their wives and little ones came forth from misery and shame:
Ah! there was quiet joy that night in homes unknown to fame.

The muster roll was counted o'er, some twenty we had lost,
The battle to our enemy three hundred men had cost;

Not often in the battle field commanders save their men,
And going forth four hundred strong, five hundred come again.

Long may we keep in mind the day and field of Redford fight,
When Glo'ster found her loss was gain of men with soul and might.

Now for the Laws and Parliament we will united stand,
And rule the streams that gather here with speed from either hand:

The rapid rising freshet from the Welshman's barren land,
The "Eger" royal rushing flood that little can withstand,
Our Islands three shall break their force, the Severn we command.

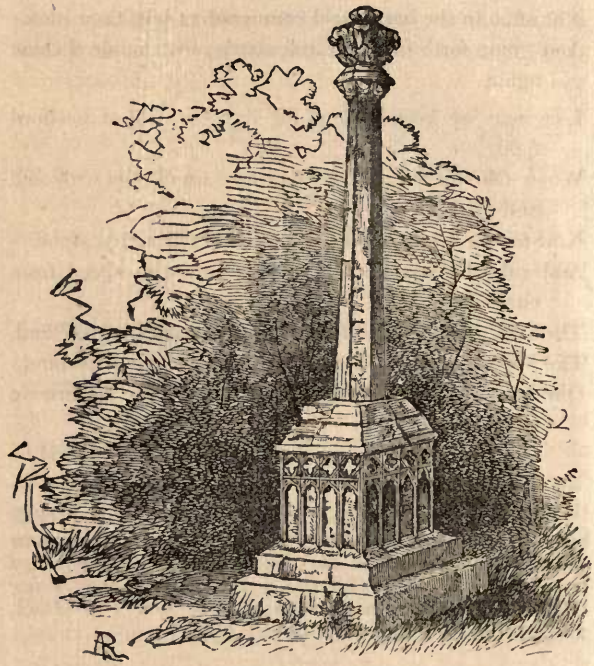
S. H.

NOTE.—*There is a place called "Bloody Ho," a little way beyond Tainton.—Our "Islands three." There was formerly an Island in the Severn, being that piece of ground now dividing the basin from the river, commencing at the Lock house, and ending at the first Dry Dock, through which a channel formerly lay.*

—o—

A TEWKESBURY DIALOGUE.

War beest agwoin?
To th' Mythe Tut.
Shall I coom alung?
Ay, if thee 'oot.



The Market Cross.

TWO worthies, evidently tillers of the soil, were wending their way across the Earl Bathurst's park at Cirencester, and when near the Woodhouse saw a gentleman intently looking at the old Market Cross, removed there during the present century. It proved to be a clergyman of whom they knew a little, and stopped to ask "the time

o' day." Asking the age of the relic of antiquity before them, the communicative clergyman gave them his opinion and told them facts in connection with the civil war, when it stood in the Market Place of the town.

The destination of the two was the village of Coates, and at "Tunnel House" they detailed the wonderful tale the clergyman had been telling them, much to the amusement of a Cisseter man who helped to "draw them out" in their recital to a wondering audience.

They commenced their talk with reference to the Bathurst Family, giving their opinions, and a running commentary on the notions expressed by those present.

Giles.—I baint no scollard, but I heerd my feyther zay, he wur ni' aity yeer when he died, thet he knaw'd a deal about th' old Yarls. He know'd th' old Yarl wen he wur 'lected fur th' townd about 1780 or zo. An' pretty geams thur wur a gwain an. He wur the feythur of the Yarl now livin', an' my feythur zed as how he walked into townd to zee th' owld genulmun lie in State wen he wur ded, an' went droo th' beg geats in th' townd up ta beg house an' walked droo th' rooms. My feyther tell'd I thet he knaw'd th' day he wur berried, vor he wur at Meyster Robbut Newcomb's thet da a deliverin carn, an' they shet off work an' stood outside wi' a girt beg dog he hed, neamed "Hector." Tak about a dog—Meyster Robbut, wen he zets down at our club, Whitsun time, he'll zeng about George Riddler an' his dog. I wur a zayin', my feyther zed twur a vine vuneral, an' th' crownd wur carried on a red cushin avoor th' coffin. This wur in 1834. I wur in townd wen the old Yarl wur berried in 1866, an' voks ded zay he wur good to th' poor, an' th' townds vok put up

thur shutters an' vollered he to th' grave in th' churchyard. An' now I zay—Long life to th' old Yarl as drows oopen hees beg park fur th' accommodashun ov townd and country volk. Do 'e knaw, Isaac, who twur a lookin' at th' old Markut Cross at th' Woodhouse? If I tell'd ye, Isaac, it twern't Passun Puddin, shed ye knaw enuf who twer?

Isaac.—Ay put 'im in th' oven instead uh th' pot.

Giles.—Ded ye know avoor thet th' Cizzeter peeple grabbed zum Yarls, trid um weout juge or jury, chopped off thur heds, stuck um an sticks, an' took um up to Lunnun an' show'd um to th' peeple on Tempul Bar? *

Isaac.—I didn't knaw avoor th' passun zed zo.

Giles.—Th' old Cizzeter volk seem'd cantankerous an' fout like Kilkenny cats. Belike th' Rooman Catholics zet um an, vor wen tha chopped th' viting Yarls' heds off tha drapped in luck's way.

Isaac.—Passun zed tha hed summut gied um to get merree wi'.

Giles.—Ay, old cock-a-lorum, vor th' king send um ivry year two ov hees beg barrels ov wine vrom Bristol by waggin, an' th' wimmin as much venson as tha' wanted. Tha hed jolly times uh eatin' and a drinkin' along wi' the jolly old vriers, an' zung thur zongs, an' wur nation merry, vor thur wur no bobbies about then to turn um out as zoon as townd clock hit ten.

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* *Earls of Surrey and Salisbury.*

—o—

Gloucestershire Proverbs.

As sure as God is in Gloucestershire.

You are a man of Dursley.

It is as long in coming as Cotswold Barley.

The Tracies have always the wind in their faces.

As hot as Tewkesbury mustard.

The rathe is better than the late.

The Foxcote Find.

THE following account of the circumstances attending the excavation of the Foxcote Tumulus—which has of late given rise to much discussion at the meetings of the Cotswold Club—is from the pen of "P. P.," a highly respectable person, sometime "Clerk of this Parish." It will be seen that he is a man of sound judgment and deep antiquarian research, and it is possible that many whose views are a little hazy upon such matters may read with pleasure the simple explanation of the facts as conveyed in the homely rhyme of "P. P." :—

Well, neighbour, if you axes I to tell you what I found
In the tump at Foxcote yonder, in the fourteen acre ground,
If you'll stand a drop of summat, for talking makes me dry,
I'll tell you what I knows on it, and the gospel truth thereby.

Not what I told them chaps as come up here from Cheltenham town
A axing lots of questions and a writing of it down :
"A doctor" and "a parson," and another gent I knows,
Leastways I knows his father, as I've reason to suppose,
For he given me seven days in quod, for nothing as you may say,
Only being drunk on a Saturday night and 'saulting Pleeseman Day.*
Well, you knows the fourteen acre ground and the tump as used to be there,
'Twas nout but a heap of stones as was throwed promiscuous-like in the air,
For I minds when the field was first ploughed up, and how we gathered the stones ;
So when they comes a axing I, if I'd found in it any old bones,
Or kwines† or brass fardens, or such like, or anything out of the way,
I were stummered like just at first, and were just a going to say
I hadn't found nothing at all, when I thought of a bit of a lie ;
So I told 'em I'd got all they ax'd for, and had putten 'em carefully by,

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* Sergeant Day, a well-known active officer of the Cheltenham police force. This is a convincing proof of the truthful character and minute accuracy or the whole statement.

† *Kwines* for *Coins*.—Our friend's orthography is a little uncertain.

To home in my cottage at Foxcote, and if they'd come up the next day
I'd show 'em the bones and the kwines, and tell 'em exact where they lay.
So I gets me a lot of old kwines that the childer has oftentimes found,
And the plough will turn up by the score when they breaks up a piece of new ground,
And some half-a-score of old bones as I got for a pint of beer
From old Joe Smithers, the sexton, down by the churchyard here ;
And a piece of a broken pot as I'd throw'd at my missus's head
When she were a aggrawating about the drink, as she said;
And I puts 'em out in the garden, and covers 'em up from the rain,
And waits till these 'ere gents should be looking in again.
The first as come was "the doctor," and he looked so mortal wise,
Thinks I, he is sure to find out as I'm telling on him lies ;
But Lord ! when he seed the bones he took to 'em just as kind
As they'd been his own grandfather's as he'd known time out of mind ;
And he said 'twere a nancient Briton as somebody had drew'd *
And after they'd taken his pictur the Romans had had him slew'd.

* My worthy neighbour has evidently misunderstood the observation of

But I know'd better than that, for old Joe Smithers said
Them bones was the bones of a woman as hadn't died in her bed ;
For she'd been crossed in love, and drownded herself in a pond,
And that's why she werdn't buried in cussicrated ground.
Then I gives the kwines to the parson and tells him how they was lain
Along with the bones in the tump, as he said they ought to ha' been ;
And give the young un the pot, which I didn't say nothing about,
For he looked so grumpy and sly, I were fear'd he'd ha' found me out.
So they gives me a crown apiece, and I thanks 'em for favours past,
And I drinks to their healths, and hopes as this 'un won't be the last ;
For I knows of another field with a main big tump of stones,
But I says nothing on it as yet, for I havn't got no more bones.

Gloucestershire Chronicle.

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the learned doctor. The latter, knowing that a skeleton found in a tump must be that of a Druid, the high priest of a pagan and idolatrous superstition formerly prevailing in our now enlightened land, at once pronounced that the bones exhibited to him were what they ought to have been, which is the same thing as if they had been so.

P. P., Clerk of the Parish.

GLOSSARY.

A.

Aater, *after.*
Adry, *thirsty.*
Afeared, *frightened.*
Afore, *before.*
Agen, *opposite to.*
Anunst, *over against.*
Athert, *across.*
Attermath, *grass after mowing.*
Axe, *to ask.*

B.

Barken, *the homestead.*
Belly (a verb) *to swell out.*
Belluck, *bellow.*
Bennet, *standing grass.*
Bide, *to stay.*
Bin, *because.*
Bittle, *a heavy mallet.*
Body, *an individual.*
Brake, *a small coppice.*
Brash, *light, stony soil.*
Breeds, *the brim of a hat.*
Brim, brem, *spoken of a sow.*
Bucking, *the foul linen of a household collected for washing.*
Budge, *to move a very short distance.*
Burrow, *shelter.*
Butty, *a comrade in labour*

C.

Caddle, *to busy with trifles*
Caddlement, *a trifling occupation.*
Cant, *to toss lightly.*
Cess, *a word used in calling dogs to their food.*
Cham, *to chew.*
Char or chir, *a job.*
Charm, *a noise.*
Chaw, *to chew.*
Chilver, *a ewe lamb.*
Chock-full, *full to choking*
Clammy, *adhesive.*
Clout, *a heavy blow.*

D.

Daddocky, *said of decayed timber.*

Dent, *an indentation.*
Desperd, *beyond measure.*
Dismal, *an evil in excess.*
Doff, *to take off clothing.*
Dollop, *a lump.*
Don, *to put on.*
Dout, *to extinguish a light*
Drink, *used as a term for beer.*
Dunch, dunny, *deaf.*
Dynt, *the impresston made by a heavy blow.*

F.

Faggot, *a word applied in derogation to an old woman.*
Fall—of the year, Autumn
Flat, *a common term for a low, concave surface in a field.*
Flump, *applied to a heavy fall.*
Frum, *full, abundant.*

G.

Gamut, *sport.*
Glowr, *to stare moodily, or with an angry aspect.*
Glum, glump, *gloomy, displeased.*
Grounds, *commonly used for fields.*
Grouts, Grits, *oatmeal; also dregs.*
Gully, *a deep, narrow ravine.*
Gumption, *spirit, sense, quick observation.*

H.

Hames, plural Hames-es, *the wooden supports to a horse-collar in teams.*
Handy, *near, convenient.*
Hank, *a skein of any kind of thread.*
Hatch, *a door which only half fills the doorway.*
Haulm, *dead stalks.*
Heft, *weight, burden.*
Highst, *to uplift, to hoist.*
Housen, *plural of house.*
Hox, *to cut in an unseemly manner.*

I.

Innards, *the intestines.*

J.

Jarl (pronounced Yarl), *the title Earl.*
Jomettry, *spoken of anything self-supported in an unknown manner.*
Jowl, *the jaw-bone.*
Junkets, *sweetmeats.*

K.

Kallenge, *challenge.*
Kind, *promising well, prosperous, health.*

L.

Larrop, *to beat, to flog.*
Leech, *a cow doctor.*
Leer, *empty, hungry.*
Leese, *to glean corn.*
Limp, *flabby, flexible.*
Lissome, *active, nimble.*

Loath, *unwilling.*
Lop, *to cut growing wood*
Lug, *a measure of land.*
Lusty, *strong, in full health*

M.

Mammock, *a shred, a tatter*
Miche, Myche, Mooche, *to idle, to play truant; to pilfer.*
Mind, *to remember.*
'Mire, *to wonder, to admire*
Mortal, *excessively, extremely.*
Mothering-Sunday, *Mid-Lent Sunday.*
Mound, *a fence, a boundary*
Mun, *probably man.*

N.

Naron, *none.*
Nation, *very.*
Nesh, *weak, tender.*
Nunchcon, *luncheon.*

O.

Odds, *difference.*
Oont or Woont, *the mole.*

P

Paunch, *to disembowel game.*
Pelt, *to throw away.* Full Pelt, *to run with speed.*
Piddle, *to trifle, to do light work.*
Pill, *pool caused by junction of two streams.*
Pitch, *to fall down or cast away.*
Plim, *to swell with moisture.*
Pollards or Polts, *a mixed crop of peas and beans.*
Prong, *a large hay-fork.*
Pure, *in good health, or with good success.*
Purl, *to throw with violence*

Q.

Quar, *a stone quarry.*
Quarrel, *a square pane of glass.*
Quick, Quickset, *young white-thorn for hedges.*

R.

Ramshackle, *to move, with noise, in a loose, disjointed manner.*
Rassle, *to run at the roots.*
Retch, *to strain before sickness.*
Rime, *hoar-frost.*
Rince, rince out, *to cleanse.*
Rongs, *steps in a ladder.*
Rounds, *an accustomed circuit.*
Rumple, *to discompose linen.*
Rusty, Reasty, *spoken of rancid bacon.*

S.

Scrub, *shrub.*
Shard, *a breach in a fence.*
Shore up, *to prop with timber.*
Shot, Shot of, *to be rid of.*
Skilling, *a cow shed.*
Skurry, *a flock in confused flight.*

Slam, *to beat, to shut the door with violence.*
Slammerkin, *a slut.*
Slick, *slippery.*
Sliver, *a slice.*
Smack, *a blow with the open hand, audible kiss.*
Snite, *to blow the nose.*
Snoul, *a lump.*
Snuggle, *to lie close together.*
Solid, *steady, continuous progress.*
Spit, *a spade.*
Sprack, *lively.*
Spreathe, *to have face or hands roughened by frost.*
Spurtle, *to sprinkle.*
Squish-Quash, *walking through mud, &c.*
Squat, *to sit, as a hare.*
Stank, *a pool.*
Straightways, *immediately*
Swop, *to exchange.*

T.

Tack, *grazing for cattle.*
Tallut, *hayloft.*
Teem, *to empty.*
Teg, *a lamb, one year old.*
Theave, *ewe in second year*
Thic, *this, that.*
Thiller, Tiller, *shaft horse in waggon.*
Tump, *earth thrown up.*
Tun, *part of chimney above roof.*
Twissle, *to turn about rapidly.*

U.

Unkard, Unket, *unknown, uncouth, lonely.*

V.

Ventersome, *heedless.*

W.

Wag, Waggle, *to move.*
Wallop, *to beat.*
Wap, *to beat.*
Wopper, *unusual size, as being able to beat.*
Warnd, *to assure, make certain.*
Wet, *substantive for rain.*
Whale, *a stripe.*
Whimper, *to cry.*
Winder, *a window.*
Wizen, *to wither with age or disease.*
Wonderment, *wonderful.*
Wordled, *the Cotswold pronunciation of world.*
Worsen, *to make worse.*

Y.

Yopping, Yoppeting, *a dog in full cry after game.*

Z.

Zog, *to soak.*
Zwathe, *grass when first mowed, and in rows.*

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